

The Sketch

No. 829.—Vol. LXIV.

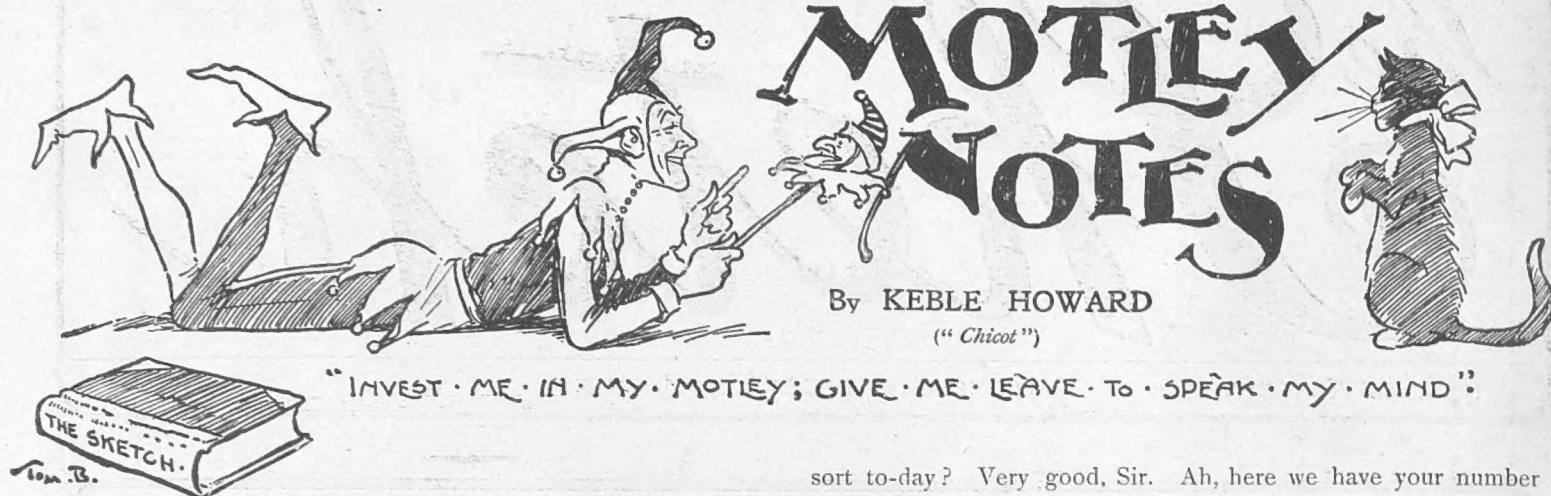
WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



THE DIFFICULTIES OF DRESSING IN THE OPEN AIR: MISS MARGARET J. DUNN, WHO HAS NOT LIVED INDOORS FOR FIVE YEARS, MAKING HER TOILET IN A HIGHLAND WOOD.

Miss Margaret J. Dunn decided five years ago to take the open-air cure, and since that resolve she has lived out-of-doors, and has slept in a hammock out-of-doors in all weathers. It has been her custom to sling her hammock in a Highland wood—on the western edge of it in the winter, and on the eastern edge in the summer. She has found the best clothing to be made of porous woollen material, and she favours sand-baths and snow-baths.—[Photograph by *World's Graphic Press*.]



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot")

"Sorry to Have Kept You Waiting!"

I desire to offer my most sincere congratulations to the Postmaster-General. Judging from the new notice to telephone-operators in the *Post Office Circular*, the Postmaster-General has realised, none too soon, that that branch of his business, at any rate, can no longer be conducted on the take-it-or-leave-it principle. "In order," he writes, "that abrupt and uncouth expressions may be avoided in the telephone service, telephonists employed in trunk exchanges are in future to make use of the following expressions in connection with their work, and supervising officers should impress upon the staff generally the necessity for adhering to the authorised form of words." "Please" would appear to be the word chiefly insisted upon by the Postmaster-General, who thereby indicates his anxiety that his telephone-operators should, in common with poets, authors, painters, singers, actors, and other mean folk, live to please, and not merely to make mistakes in numbers and then get cross about it. If a subscriber has been kept waiting for more than the regulation time, the telephonist is to say, "Sorry to have kept you waiting." What a difference this will make to the sordid round! Such gentleness will melt the heart of the sternest business man, and many a receiver will be rusty with secret tears.

Counter-Calls.

It would be ungracious to inquire into the cause of this grateful change. It is no business of ours though some high personage, ringing up for himself or herself, has been snapped at and snubbed. Let us rally round the Postmaster-General, laud him for his courage, and incite him to further reforms. It is scarcely likely that these courtesies are to be confined to trunk lines. The cunning fellow, you may be sure, is merely inserting the thin end of the wedge. "At the end of a call," I read, "the telephonist is urged when notifying a subscriber that his three minutes are up to suggest that he should take another three minutes." You may see from this that the Postmaster-General is not going to allow the drapers, and the grocers, and the butchers, and the bakers to have things all their own way much longer. It is to be hoped, none the less, that the more ardent operators will not overdo the business of persuasion. It would be neither profitable nor amusing, having asked for Something Manchester, to be treated to a ten-minute dialogue of this kind—

CUSTOMER. Will you kindly give me Something Manchester, please?

OPERATOR. Certainly, Sir. Will you wait just one moment whilst I make the connection?

CUSTOMER. Certainly. (A pause.)

OPERATOR. I'm extremely sorry to have to inform you, Sir, that that particular number happens to be engaged at the moment. Is there any other number at Manchester that I could get for you?

CUSTOMER. No, thank you; not this morning. When do you think my number will be disengaged?

OPERATOR. Sure not to be very long now, Sir. Will you take a seat whilst you're waiting?

CUSTOMER. I am sitting.

OPERATOR. Oh, I beg your pardon, Sir. Not being able to see you— (A deprecatory laugh.) What wretched weather, to be sure!

CUSTOMER. Yes, wretched.

OPERATOR. You wouldn't care, perhaps, to have a word with Dublin, or Hull, or Brighton, or Eastbourne, or Newhaven, or—

CUSTOMER. No, thank you. It's only Manchester that I want.

OPERATOR. I see, Sir. Though, if you should wish it, we could do you a nice line in—I mean, to—Edinburgh. Nothing of that

sort to-day? Very good, Sir. Ah, here we have your number at Manchester. I think you'll find the connection perfectly satisfactory. Should you require more than the usual three minutes, I shall be only too—

Merely a Slight Suggestion.

Will the Post-office Young Lady take the Postmaster-General's hint? If not, I should strongly advise the Postmaster-General to give her a paragraph to herself in the *Post Office Circular*. I can assure him that his revenue would be increased threefold. There are thousands and thousands of diffident men, such as myself, who would rather postpone indefinitely the sending of a letter or a telegram than run the risk of having their day soured by a harsh look or a cold word from the Post-office Young Lady. Some little notice of this sort would work wonders, and prove so beneficial to the Government that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would probably set his Budget to music: "Ladies on counter-duty in London and provincial offices are requested to receive customers with a bright smile, wait upon them pleasantly, and dismiss them with a gracious bow and the expression of a desire to see them again. Whilst filling in Post-office Orders and Postal Orders, it would be well to inquire after the health of the payee. In the event of a telegram taking a humorous or complimentary turn, a kindly smile will in future overspread the countenance of the lady-clerk who is counting the words. On the other hand, should the message be one of condolence, a sympathetic tear should moisten the gummed side of the stamp."

Winged Terrors at Shepperton.

I rejoice to note that our old friends, the Legion of Frontiersmen, have been at it again. These reckless dare-devils, whose ride to Brighton and back, following hard on the walk of the top-hatted City gentlemen, forms one of the brightest pages of our nation's history, recently penetrated to the dangerous wilds of Shepperton (Middlesex). There they helped to celebrate the wedding-day of Captain Morgan, the intrepid owner of a ranch on the banks of the river Thames. How the good people of Shepperton must have shivered and quaked as the Legion of Frontiersmen thundered past their windows! Hear one of my daily papers on the thrilling spectacle: "Sixteen red-shirted cowboys, upon sturdy ponies, galloping in front of a motor-car, waving wide-brimmed hats, firing revolvers into the air, and giving full lung-power to a far-reaching prairie who-oo-p!" There's a sight for you! Anything might have happened! One of the ponies might have fallen on his nose, or the motor-car might have bumped into them from behind! Was the Legion dismayed? Not it! "Bowie-knives protruded from their belts, their shirt-sleeves were rolled up to the elbows (in this treacherous weather, too!), their cowboy trousers, boots, and other equipment were complete to the smallest detail." One trembles to think what they would do, should they be disengaged, in time of war!

A Very Small Epigram.

"The German girl is awake, and is seizing life with both hands." This I learn on the authority of Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, who is pretty sure to know. I wonder what life has done that it should be seized in both hands by the German girl—or, for that matter, the English girl? Is life a nettle? We are told to grasp the nettle lest it sting us. In early life, I grasped a good many nettles, but they all stung me. This shook my faith in proverbs. Similarly, if the German girl is not very careful, life may swing round and give her a nasty bite on the wrist. Other people, before the modern German girl, have tried to seize it in both hands and hold it tight. You should treat life as you treat a lover.

THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY SENSATION : AN UNDERGRADUATE AS "A LADY RELATIVE."



THE CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE IN THE COSTUME AND "MAKE-UP" IN WHICH HE OCCUPIED
A BOX AT A "MERRY WIDOW" PERFORMANCE.

At a performance of "The Merry Widow" at Cambridge, much attention was attracted to a box in which sat a lady and three undergraduates. It has since been discovered that the lady in question was an undergraduate, who is here shown in the dress and "make-up" in which he attended the theatre. By means of this ruse, the undergraduates were in a position to break the rule which decrees that no undergraduate may be seen in a box unless he is accompanied by a lady relative.

CARRY NATION ATTEMPTS TO CARRY SCOTLAND.

"OH, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, MAKER OF RAID?"
 "CAN I PREVENT YOU, MAKER OF RAID?"

"I'M GOING BREAK-BOTTLING, SIR," SHE SAID.
 "NOBODY'S AXED YOU, SIR," SHE SAID.



A MINIATURE REPRESENTATION OF CARRY NATION'S WAR-AXE FOR PRESENTATION.



CARRY NATION THREATENS TO DESTROY A PUBLIC-HOUSE WITH HER AXE, SHOULD THE SPIRIT MOVE HER.



THE HOTEL SHE FAVOURS: CARRY NATION LEAVING HER TEMPERANCE HOTEL.



CARRY NATION INDULGING IN A MEAL OF BREAD AND APPLE.



THE HOTEL SHE LOATHES: CARRY NATION LEAVING A PUBLIC-HOUSE.



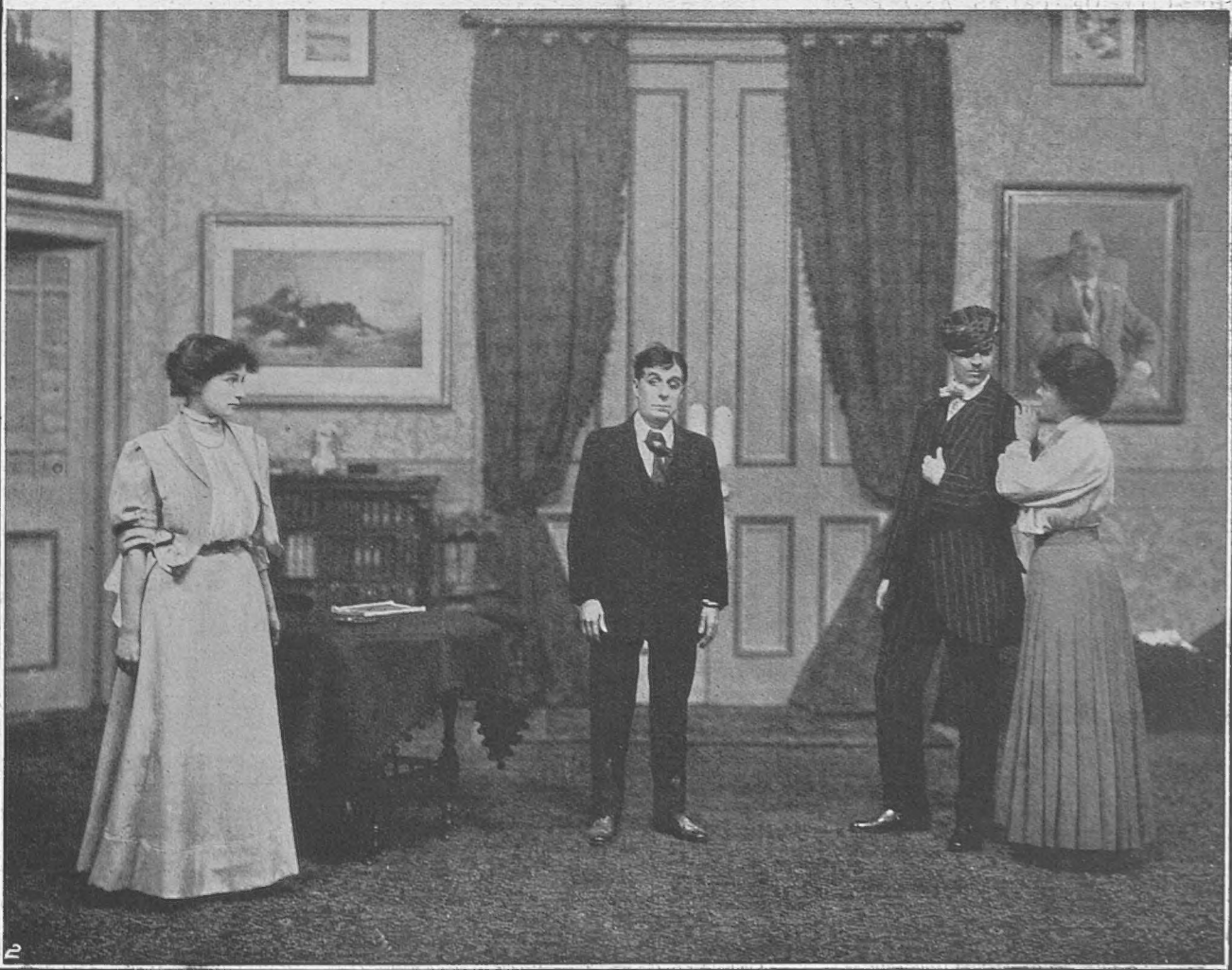
CARRY NATION SOLILOQUISES CONCERNING HER BEST FRIEND, HER AXE.



CARRY NATION TELLING A SMOKER THAT HE IS BURNING AWAY HIS CHILDREN'S FOOD AND CLOTHES.

Mrs. Carry Nation, whose habit it has been to break up bottles and bars with an axe in America, is now in Scotland, where she is engaged on a temperance crusade, although she is using less strenuous methods than those she favours in her own country. It is said that her next move will be to England.—[Photograph by L. N. Agency]

A SATIRE ON SUBURBANITES OF A SORT: "SIR ANTHONY,"
AT WYNDHAM'S.



1. ROBERT MORRISON TRIES TO SING AGAINST A VOLUME OF SMALL TALK.

2. CLARENCE CHOPE AFTER DEFEATING ROBERT MORRISON WHO HAS BEEN BOASTING OF HIS PROWESS WITH HIS FISTS.

Robert Morrison is Clarence's pet aversion, and at last Chope, deciding to model himself on Sir Anthony no more, finds it time that he thrashed Morrison (who has been boasting of his powers as a pugilist), engages him behind the wood-shed, and duly "takes it out of him." In the top photograph (reading from left to right) the characters are Mr. J. D. Beveridge as the Rev. Wilkin Delmar, Mr. Edmund Maurice as Percy Guy Bulger, Mr. Weedon Grossmith as Clarence Chope, Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm as Robert Morrison, Miss Henrietta Cowan as Mrs. Chope, Miss Christine Silver as Olive Bruton, and Miss Suzanne Sheldon as Mrs. Bulger. In the second photograph are Miss Christine Silver, Mr. Weedon Grossmith, Mr. Evelyn Beerbohm, and Miss Nina Boucicault as Victoria Chope.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.]

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Dec. 16, 1908.

Signature

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TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

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Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

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BRUMMELL

IDIOT & PHILOSOPHER

By COSMO HAMILTON

I 'VE been savin' up one or two really corkin' things to say about the Army, d'y'see. What? Well, it seems to me—of course I may be wrong, I say, may be, which, of course, is another way of sayin' that of course I know I'm right—that this is the precise and identical moment to say 'em, because the present War Minister will very, very soon, thank goodness, be huntin' round the Law Courts for a job, and a new joker, who has at least been in the Yeomanry, will throw that poor, wretched hole the War Office into yet another state of chaos. That bein' an absolute dead certainty, what I think I'd better do is to put on record my tips, so that the embryo W.M., who is growin' a moustache against time, and practisin' the parade rasp in his garage before the chauffeur is awake, may make a good beginning.

Conscription, which is the only thing to make the Army an Army and the Service a profession, is not yet. Oh, Lord, no! It won't be until those side-spring-booted curios who are so bleuced anxious about the moral and spiritual welfare of everybody that they have no earthly time to look after their own—I mean all the reformers who climbed into Parliament up the pigtailed of the Chinese—are plumb-

in' and carpenterin' and conductin' trams again: the great bulk of the Radical party. And even then, when the House of Commons is sweet and fresh again, and the constables on duty in the Lobby will no longer feel that they are in the Isle of Dogs Townhall, conscription will not be. This is, theoretically, a free country, d'y'see; and so thousands of hefty young men must be allowed to become thieves and wasters, to starve and to sleep on the Embankment, b'Jove and b'George, rather than be made fine, smart, honourable, muscular and useful men. What? That's the notion. Some song-writer joker invented the word "free" about England, and it's never got over it. However, when the stuffy, shoddy, ignorant people who are led by the Office-Boy of the *Westminster Gazette* who is allowed to make sketches have discovered the appallin' disaster that Free Trade's been, conscription will follow quick—oh, very, very quick—and then we shall have an Army. Between then and now I feel that it's my duty to show the new War Minister, who doubtless has already been appointed, what he's got to do with the officers, poor chaps.

At present, nobody knows why, they are bein' educated, not for fightin', but to be Board School teachers and clerks. Isn't that a jolly notion—what? They are obliged, in order to get out of the ruck, to mug up a couple of dozen subjects, in a superficial manner, that are of no earthly use to anyone. Isn't that bright? Ever

seen the sort of stuff your officer has to get into his curly head who wishes to pass the Staff College? It doesn't seem to have struck anyone but me that these subjects are simply given to prevent as many men as possible ever from passin' the Staff College, which is another brainy notion—what? Oh, it's truly wonderful. At present the W.O. goes down on its marrow-bones to get our young brothers into the Service, and when it gets them in, not only does all it knows to keep them from becoming good soldiers, but makes 'em pay through the nose for the privilege. Besides that, it invents a thousand ingenious ways of rottin' their lives, and finally, having made them bitter and disappointed jokers, turns them loose upon Cheltenham, Bath, Southsea, and Sydenham, with

nothin' to buy a decent cigarette with when they're too old for anything else. Clever, ain't it? Same thing happens to the men. The W.O. says, Tempt 'em in, punish 'em for comin' in, and chuck 'em out. All frightfully clever.

Now then, of course. Two things are goin' to happen to the Army. Either it'll die of a disease known as party politics, from which it has been sufferin' for about eighty years—only common sense can

save it—or it'll take a dose of conscription and grow fat again. And when we have conscription we shall hear nothin' more about Socialism and the unemployed, d'y'see. That'll be useful—what? The Socialists will be doin' the goose step, and the unemployed learnin' signallin'. And how about the officers? Well, the Army being a profession, and not an expensive pastime with a staff mainly composed of useless book-stuffed fellers, crammed like a lot of Michaelmas geese, who have no knowledge of how to win the confidence and trust of the Tommy, it'll be officered by the great middle class, and not by rich tradesmen's sons and a handful of the right sort. And these young persons, fit, hearty, and muscular, with plenty of work to keep them so, will wear their uniform *all the time*, and will be ashamed, consequently, of degradin' themselves and their corps by hangin' about stage doors, feedin' the chorus at the Savoy and Oddino's, and paintin' Maidenhead with a thick layer of red lead.

I am moved to talk in this epoch-makin' manner because this is the moment for bein' really earnest. This is the moment we've all been waitin' for since the hoardings were plastered over with the Chinese Labour pictures that picked the present Government out of the gutter and put 'em into Parliament. What? We've almost seen the last of 'em, b'Jove and b'George, and Britannia's expression of hopeless depression and shame is meltin' into a maidenly, but hopeful smile again. Do you follow me?



FITZ-FOOZLE (who has taken countless strokes and finally given up the hole): I once did this hole in three.
THE FRIEND (whose patience has been overtried): Three what—weeks?

[DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.]



THE CLUBMAN

THE HUMOUR OF REVOLUTIONS—HAYTI—REVOLUTIONARIES I HAVE MET.

THERE is always humour, generally unintentional, mixed with the tragedy of revolutions when they are engineered by coloured people; and the upheaval in Hayti is no exception to the rule. Very nearly everybody in Hayti is a General. A recent return of the army there gave 5000 officers of the standing of Generals to 6000 rank-and-file. In the fighting which took place as General Antoine Simon advanced from Les Cayes to Anse à Veau, some three hundred men were killed and wounded, none of them being Generals. This awful slaughter has made the number of Generals and privates almost even. Another pitched battle and a few hundred desertions and the Generals of Hayti's negro minstrel army would outnumber all the other ranks.

A few months ago a revolution was planned against General Nord Alexis, the octogenarian negro who is now ex-President of Hayti. Alexis got wind of it in time to shoot all the leaders who were not able to take refuge in the Consulates of the European Powers, where they were not too welcome guests. There was a threat on the part of Alexis and his Ministers that they would take the refugees from their shelter by force. The Minister who was most determined to demonstrate the fact that a foreign flag could not prove a shelter to a traitor was the first of the Ministers to ask the French or the German Legation to serve as a sanctuary for him when General Simon defeated the Presidential troops. Alexis himself would never have got away alive from the island had he not worn the French Tricolor as a shawl.

If the mob were disappointed in their wish to kill the white-haired old negro, they had the satisfaction of pillaging his baggage, and looted some thousands of dollars in gold. But they did even worse than that—they purloined the General's cheque-book, and the fallen dictator's first action when landing on British soil was to telegraph to the Crédit Lyonnais, in Paris, where he has some millions of francs on deposit, to stop all cheques.

I have met a number of revolutionaries and conspirators in my time, but I do not think that I ever conversed with any of the banished Haytian Generals, for they seem to cluster in Jamaica and the French islands near their former home. The gentlemen who ought to be dictators in the South American Republics generally find a temporary home in Paris; and pending the day when their respective peoples shall clamour for their return, they try to deaden the pangs of home-sickness by living the gayest possible life in Lutetia. I have seen a patriot who I was assured was the future Napoleon of a Republic so small that it is only to be found on the

map with the aid of a magnifying-glass, dancing the "Chahut" at the Jardin de Paris; and another ruler who had been, or was to be, once drew for me a beautiful map, with a straw and some raspberry syrup, on one of the marble-topped tables outside Maxim's, to show me the position of his island home, to which he cordially invited me whenever he returned there. Of course, there are some very serious Presidents in exile, even in Paris. One very stately gentleman—

who, I think, claimed authority over Cuba—had taken his candidature so seriously that he had models of the coinage he proposed to issue, and I had the privilege of comparing the profile of the General—needless to say that he was an officer of high military rank—with its presentment on pieces of silver and gold. The one subject on which all the would-be Presidents of Republics on the other side of the Atlantic are agreed is that they do not wish to give the United States any cause to interfere in the domestic quarrels of their lands. Uncle Sam, when he is once driven to send his soldiers and his Civil officials into the territories of any of his neighbours, has an awkward way of demanding that reforms shall be carried out, that sanitary precautions shall be taken in cities, and that an honest Civil Service shall be established before he moves his men back again to his own country; and no patriot, be he black or saffron-coloured, sees eye to eye with Uncle Sam in this matter.

Some British revolutionaries I have met. I once had under my command a very efficient officer of Irregulars, who was one of the men who had organised an abortive revolt at the Kimberley Diamond Fields. He had taken the oath of allegiance at a subsequent period, and served her late Majesty Queen Victoria as efficiently as any other man who wore a sword. At Durban, after the Zulu War was over, I

stayed, waiting to embark for England, at an hotel where the bedrooms in the annexe were divided from each other by partitions of canvas only. Next door to me was one of the irreconcilables who hated the English, and had been in every revolt against them in the thirty years he had spent in Africa. My ex-subaltern was also staying in the hotel, and went to his old comrade's room for a chat over past times. The vitriolic abuse of all British manners and customs, laws, officials, Governors, Generals, I listened to from the older man was marvellous. I coughed, to show that I was in my compartment, but that only increased the volume of invective. The old rebel had a word of respect for the Queen. "That's to keep the young Roibatchi on t'other side of the canvas quiet," he added.



£2,500,000 OF A £6,000,000 TOTAL! THE KING'S GREAT CULLINANS AMONGST THE REGALIA IN THE TOWER.

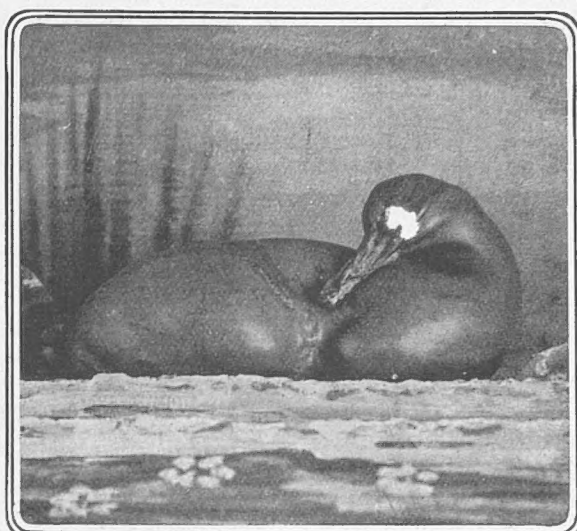
Cullinan I. and Cullinan II, the two chief stones that resulted from the splitting of the great Cullinan Diamond, are the most recent addition to the regalia in the Wakefield Tower of the Tower of London, and are attracting much public attention. The larger stone weighs 516½ carats; the smaller, 309 3-16 carats. The Koh-i-Noor weighs 106 1-16 carats. The Cullinans are valued at £2,500,000; the rest of the Crown jewels at £3,500,000.—[Photograph by Gale and Polden.]

OUR WONDERFUL WORLD!



THE OCTOGENARIAN BATHER OF
LEIGH-ON-SEA.

Mr. John Hayward is in his eighty-seventh year, but bathes in the sea every morning, whatever the weather. He was in practice in the City as a solicitor, and is founder of a club for men over eighty that has as its motto: "Be cheerful and die happy."—[Photograph by View and Portrait Co.]



A DUCK FOR VEGETARIANS: A VEGETABLE MARROW
MASQUERADING.

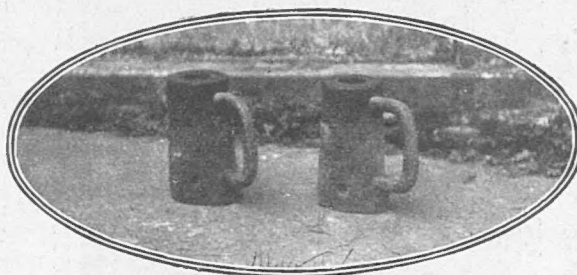
It is hardly necessary for us to point out the remarkable resemblance between this vegetable marrow and a duck preening itself. It will be seen that the imitation duck has been provided with an imitation lake befitting its rank.



A POSTMAN'S BAG THAT FASTENS TO
THE POST-BOX.

The bag, which has a metal edging to its mouth, is slipped into a groove under the box, and the bottom of the box is then pulled away. Thus there is no chance of letters sticking in the box.

Photograph by Chusseau-Flaviens.



CANNON THAT LOOK LIKE MUGS.

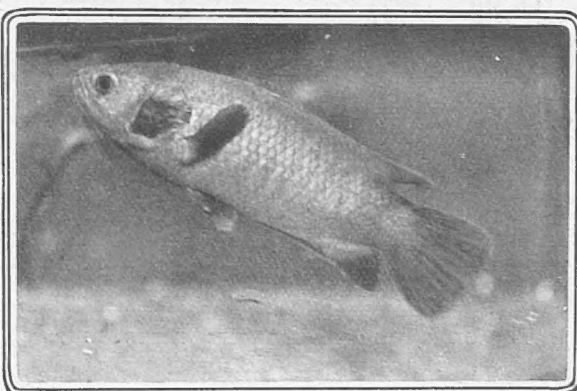
The photograph shows a pair of Fenny Poppers, the little cannon, about the size of quart-pots, that are fired each St. Martin's Day at Fenny Stratford, Bucks.

Photograph by Tuxcross.



THE BARREL WOMAN.

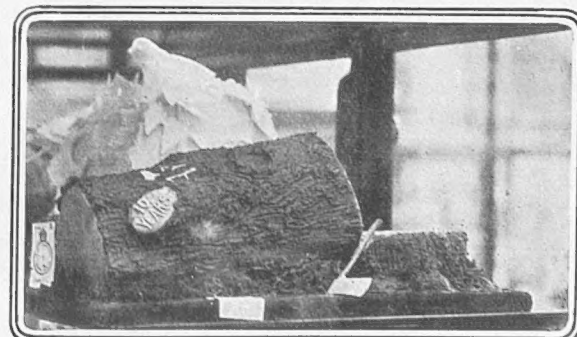
The photograph shows Miss Nella Connor, one of the prettiest dancers in the operetta "Marcella," paying a lost election bet by walking down Broadway, New York, encased in a barrel inscribed "I voted for Bryan."



A FISH THAT CLIMBS TREES.

The climbing perch is able to leave the water and climb trees, holding on to the rough bark by means of its fins and gill-coverings.

Photograph by W. S. Berridge.



BARK THAT IS WORTH BITING: A LOG OF SUGAR
SHOWN AT A RECENT EXHIBITION.

The sugar log imitated the real thing in remarkable manner, and drew much attention to the exhibit of which it was a prominent part.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



THE TUBE WOMAN.

It is remarked that fashion has created a new being—the tube woman, whose long straight dress suggests a pipe. The cassock gown illustrated is regarded as a good example of these tube dresses.—[Photograph by H. Manuel.]

CROWNS-CORONETS-COURTIERS



WIFE OF A FAMOUS AUSTRALIAN STATESMAN: MRS. ALFRED DEAKIN.

It is said that Mr. Alfred Deakin, one of the best-known statesmen of Australia, is to be appointed High Commissioner of the Australian Commonwealth in England. Mrs. Deakin is a Melbourne woman, and an enthusiastic politician. She has no belief in women M.P.s, but, on the other hand, is a supporter of Votes for Women.

Photograph by Speaight.

differences of names and titles, and the two ladies have not the awkwardness of being in the least like each other. Still, there were people who spoke of "Princess Louise" only, and this so near to Kensington Palace as Queensberry Place, where the younger Princess has taken up her abode. Moreover, letters have been sometimes signed, to save time, by the single name "Louise," and, to save space, photographs also. We shall very soon get to like the sound of "Marie Louise," and the last fears of a nominal duality will pass from the mind of Princess Louise of England.

By Proxy. The first "Society lady" (the phrase goes into quotation marks inasmuch as it is one of the King's own using) to



MISS CABLE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO SIR LIONEL ALEXANDER, Bt., WAS FIXED FOR YESTERDAY (THE 15TH).

The bride is a daughter of Sir Ernest Cable, sometime President of the Bengal Chamber of Commerce, and an unofficial member of the Viceroy's Council of India, and Lady Cable. Sir Lionel Cecil William Alexander is the sixth Baronet, succeeded his father in 1896, and is in the Grenadier Guards.

Photograph by Mme. Lallie Charles.

PRINCESS Louise Augusta of Schleswig-Holstein is henceforth to be known as Princess Marie Louise, and this addition to her names, desirable in itself, is made, says the Lord Chamberlain, in order to prevent the confusion that has often arisen between this lady and our own Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll. There were many secondary

Lord Holland, experienced a rather reversed order of things. He was expected by her Ladyship to be the pioneer when she went to the dentist. "The tooth must be extracted," said the dentist; and the husband said ditto.

Then the lady suggested that her husband should have one of his teeth out, just to give her confidence.

Apparently it did the reverse; for the wife refused to take the chair of torture her husband vacated. There is, however, no fear that Mr. Asquith will refuse to follow the lady's lead into the country. He is wearied out by the work, and more by the worry than the work, of the session; and no schoolboy of them all is counting the hours to the vacation more eagerly than he.

Edward VII., M.D.

The latter who has disclosed the increase in the dimensions of the royal head of this country—the hat it wears is now size 7½, whereas it used to be size 7—knows another little secret, and one that may be more worth the unfolding. It was for a long time his Majesty's habit to



AN ACTOR WHO PLAYED FIVE PARTS IN A WEEK: MR. ARTHUR HOLMES-GORE (AS GERAINTE IN LORD HOWARD DE WALDEN'S PLAY, "LANVAL.")

Mr. Arthur Holmes-Gore is not content to play the Vice-Admiral in "The Flag Lieutenant" only. Indeed, last week he was seen in no fewer than five rôles—the Vice-Admiral in "The Flag Lieutenant," King Conchubar in "Deirdre," Agisthus in "Electra," the villain in "Isaac's Wife," and the young country sweetheart in "Hannele."

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

flee from Vanity Fair for the Christmas holidays was Mrs. Asquith. So many things are done by proxy nowadays that one hopes the Prime Minister has felt and flourished upon the breezes of North Berwick, now enjoyed vicariously by his wife. A Whig statesman of another generation,

carry the stethoscope to which, as an honorary member of the College of Physicians, he had the right. His hat was, at first, its sheath, but later it was stuffed away in a breast-pocket until, because of other claims upon the space and a great dearth of patients, it was discarded altogether.



A SOCIETY HOSTESS WHO IS CLOSELY CONNECTED WITH THE COURT: VISCOUNTESS CRICHTON.

Lady Crichton is an aunt of the Duke of Westminster, and the Duchess of Teck is her half-sister. Lord Crichton is Equerry-in-Ordinary to the Prince of Wales. The young Viscountess has lived a good deal in Ireland since her marriage, at her father-in-law's, Crom Castle, Fermanagh, but her husband and herself have a town house near the Marble Arch.

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WIFE OF THE NEW GOVERNOR OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: LADY BOSANQUET, WIFE OF THE FAMOUS ADMIRAL.

The appointment of Admiral Sir Day Hort Bosanquet as Governor of South Australia has just been announced. Lady Bosanquet is the daughter of a distinguished officer of the Cameron Highlanders. Her maiden name was Mary Butt. Through his mother, the Admiral is connected with the Holfords of Westonbirt, now represented by Major H. Lord, of Dorchester House.—*(Photograph by Hassall, Southampton.)*

SWIMMING ON BOARD A SHIP; AND THE CULLINAN'S CRADLE.



TO AVOID THE COLD DIP: A STOKER LEARNING TO SWIM ON THE DECK OF A WAR-SHIP.

This method of learning to swim is recommended to all who desire to practise the art in the winter, save to those whose pleasure it is to bathe in the open air daily throughout the year, even when it is necessary to break the ice to do so.—[*Photograph by Cribb.*]



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND AT NIGHT: THE GLARE OF LIGHT THAT ILLUMINATES THE PREMIER DIAMOND MINES. The Premier Diamond Mine, in which the great Cullinan Diamond, the latest addition to the Crown Jewels, was found, is here shown brightly illuminated by innumerable lights. The effect is as surprising as it is weird.—[*Photograph by Taylor.*]



MISS LEILA NEVILLE TREACHER, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. PERCY EDWARD COBHAM.

Miss Treacher is the elder daughter of Sir William and Lady Treacher, of Lawday Place, Farnham.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

Queen will, of course, pay an early visit to Melbury, to make up for the disappointment their change of plans inflicted on Lord and Lady Ilchester and on the guests invited to meet their Majesties. These, of course, included Lord and Lady Londonderry, who are always delighted to observe and abet their daughter's success as a hostess; the Dowager Duchess of Manchester, Mrs. George Keppel, the Marquis de Soveral, and those newer great friends of both their Majesties, Lord Lovat and Sir Hedworth Williamson, both of them men whose brains form the basis—alas! the very unusual basis—of their social qualifications.

The Lights of Londonderry. Coals and diamonds are not so very far apart in composition, and, at any rate, the Durham coal-fields of the Londonderrys have kept the family diamonds from flitting. Whatever may be the exact date of their visit to Melbury, it is certain that the King and Queen will be welcomed by many flashing Londonderry diamonds. Many are the occasions on which they have shed their light, and a fashionable diarist of 1835

SMALL TALK

THE KING'S partiality for Brighton when he was Prince of Wales was a feather—or even Three Feathers—in Brighton's cap; and his kingly regard for it as a place in which one may get rid of a cold crown as queen of watering-places on the South Coast. Brighton has, in fact, always been beloved by Princes and the populace—an uncommon conjunction in England, though a very customary one on the Continent. The King and

Wintering in Egypt.

The boast of Lord Cromer's friends that his rule resulted in making Egypt a thoroughly pleasant place of winter picnicking for English and American visitors, though not a very exhaustive one, has its fresh verification this year. One Pharaoh in a frock-coat has been succeeded by another; but still the clubs and hotels of Cairo are crowded with visitors who speak the King's

English, or the President's. I do not think that Mr. Hichens's book has had much to do with it; Mr. Douglas Sladen's has probably sounded a louder invitation, though it has not lured the Cromers themselves from Wimpole Street. However, the Princess Royal prefers an Egyptian winter to a winter in Portman Square, or even in Brighton, and thither she is being taken by the Duke of Fife, in search of the health that is associated with sunshine. There, too, on the same quest, and with South Africa ahead, goes Sir Julius Wernher, whose wife has persuaded him to part for the nonce with Piccadilly, and all those lares and penates which the men of his race and taste love so well. Egypt was not always a very attractive or desirable place for the Chosen People; now it makes amends to them—at any rate to their millionaires.

"Patty." Mr. Riddell, of Cheeseburn Grange, Northumberland, is no more. His friends have known him for some months past as Mr. Riddell Blount, of the same place and also of Mapledurham. The royal licence for the change of name, however, having only just been granted, the conditions under which Mr.



A CHARMING FAMILY GROUP; LADY MAUD RAMSDEN AND HER DAUGHTERS MOYRA AND ENID.

Lady Maud Ramsden, who is an aunt of Lord Conyngham, is the proud mother of a particularly charming group of children, the eldest of whom, her only son, is ten years old. Her three little daughters, who are among the prettiest children in Society, bear the quaint names of Cynthia, Moyra, and Enid.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

records that the lady of Londonderry House in those days appeared as Cleopatra at a fancy ball "in a dress literally embroidered with diamonds and emeralds from top to toe."

Christmas without Cards.

While Christmas Day means home for the majority of Englishmen, for others it means the Ritz, the Riviera, or farther roving. Lord and Lady Robert select to eat their pudding on board the P. and O. steamer *Mooltan*, for it is still something of a festival to "Bobs" to enter upon a campaign, if only to Egypt, land of hotels and wicker-chairs.

Riddell Blount may call himself the owner of one of the most beautiful houses on the river are now for the first time ratified. Among the preoccupations that beset a man with a new signature to remember and a new estate to manage it is improbable that Mr. Riddell Blount has remembered that the Miss Blount of Pope's time was the poet's friend and inspiration, and that it was at Mapledurham he addressed to her his gallant letters. She outlived him so long that Horace Walpole saw her: she was stepping out bravely through the London mud, in the days when a lady generally had a chair called.



THE HON. OLIVE WINGFIELD, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. WILLIAM VAN DE WEYER.

Miss Wingfield is the eldest of Lord Powerscourt's sisters. Mr. Van de Weyer's grandfather was Belgian Minister to England, and a personal friend of Queen Victoria. The wedding is to take place on Friday next.

Photograph by Thomson.



MISS MARGUERITE HELEN DARELL, WHO IS TO MARRY MAJOR MONTGOMERY CARLETON.

The wedding of Miss Marguerite Darell and Major Carleton is to take place at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, to-day (16th). The bride is the third surviving daughter of Sir Lionel Darell, of Fretherne Court, Gloucestershire; the bridegroom, son of the late Gen. Carleton, C.B.—[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

"TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" AS AN ITALIAN OPERA.
BARON FREDERICK D'ERLANGER'S "TESS" IN MILAN.



1. BARON FREDERICK D'ERLANGER, WHO COMPOSED THE OPERA "TESS," FOUNDED ON "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES."

2. SIGNOR PIETRO SCHIAVAZZI AS ANGEL CLARE.

3. MR. THOMAS HARDY, WHOSE "TESS OF THE D'URBERVILLES" HAS BEEN TURNED INTO AN OPERA.

4. SIGNOR ERNESTO BADINI AS ALEC D'URBERVILLE.

5. TESS, ACCORDING TO G. C. WILMSHURST.

6. SIGNORITIA TINA DESANA AS TESS.

Baron Frederick D'Erlanger, who is so well known at Covent Garden, is the "Mr. Frederick D'Erlanger" of many papers, who has written the music for the opera "Tess," founded on Thomas Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." On its production in Milan, the work met with much success, and certain of the critics have not thought it too much to rank the Baron with Mascagni and Puccini.

Photographs 1, 2, 4 and 6 by Varischi and Artico; 3, by Bernard Griffin; 5, after the drawing by G. Wilmshurst.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

(D.E.F.S. (Honorable))

"THE LAST OF THE DE MULLINS"—"HANNELE"—"EMILY"—"KING RENÉ'S DAUGHTER"—"ISAAC'S WIFE."

THE production of Mr. St. John Hankin's play, "The Last of the De Mullins," by the Incorporated Stage Society has led to a pretty discussion concerning its resemblance to "Magda," and some have denied the originality of the work on account of the resemblance; whilst to others, myself among them, the novelty of treatment is a complete justification. There is, perhaps, no necessity to cite the precedent of Shakespeare, who, if judged according to the standard applied by some to Mr. Hankin, is quite the most unoriginal of our dramatists. Mr. Hankin's variations upon the theme of "Heimat" to me were interesting, and in some respects quite original; his characters are very truly built. For instance, his Magda, despite a superficial likeness to Sudermann's, is an intensely real picture of a revolutionary young Englishwoman of to-day. Her meeting after eight years with Monty, the father of her illegitimate child, was a very fine scene of comedy. Quiet humour was her strong resource, and the scene was exceedingly amusing, though it lost a good deal because Mr. Vernon Steel, an able young actor, had nothing of the all-conquering Don Juan air about him. Miss McCarthy played quite brilliantly, indicating fully (one hardly knows how) a number of half-expressed thoughts; whilst in the last act, where she became fierce and domineering, her work was very strong. I complain a little of the author, because the girl was far too rude to poor old De Mullin. To him his kind of vegetable family, that had clung to the soil somewhere in Dorsetshire since the Conquest, without sinking to the peasantry or rising to the aristocracy, was the greatest thing in the world; and it was needless for her to make fun of it, and to deride the ancestors, even remarking bitterly that they were too stupid to choose artists capable of painting their portraits well. However, De Mullin was an amusing old Tory of the deepest dye, quaintly represented by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, with a little exaggeration. There was one rather new type, a sour old aunt, who was not a spinster, and Miss M'Almée Murray presented her very cleverly. Miss Amy Lamborn acted well as the stay-at-home sister; Mr. Nigel Playfair was amusing as a loutish country curate; and Master Bobbie Andrews played brightly as an eight-year-old boy.

The name of the theatrical societies is legion. The latest, "The Afternoon Theatre," starts with Mr. Tree as collaborateur, and with His Majesty's Theatre for its home. The house-warming was not startling, since "Hannele" has been played before in London, and it was the chief piece in the programme. "Emily," the curtain-raiser, by Miss Mack, is a really amusing little "slavey" play, with a perfect picture of the poor creature who stole a sovereign in order to buy a

present for her sweetheart, and meant to pay it back. I quite believe in Emily, and am sure she made an excellent wife for the young man, who turned against her when he first heard of the theft, but was brought round by a quite neat, humorous device. Miss Sydney Fairbrother represented Emily very cleverly.



THE STRANGER: MR. HENRY AINLEY AS GOTTWALD, WHO IS SEEN BY HANNELE IN HER DREAM AS THE STRANGER.

The photograph shows Hannele brought into the room in the pauper refuge of the mountain village by Gottwald, the schoolmaster who appears to her in her dream as The Stranger, typifying Christ.

"Hannele" by now is quite an old play, and has had gallons of ink shed over it, so one need no longer discuss the dream-visions of the dying German girl, nor should I try to explain what is my opinion about it, and why everybody else's opinion is wrong. You may dislike the noisy scenes at the beginning, but afterwards come passages of strangeness, true pathos, and beauty. Something more might be done to render the visions visionary: Hauptmann's play has "beaten" several producers, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree had less than a triumph at the first matinée. Miss Marie Löhr will add to her reputation by her beautiful performance as the poor dying child. The tears that she shed during her work were not the only tears in the theatre. The invaluable Mr. Henry Ainley played the part of the schoolmaster of changeable identity quite finely. It was agreeable to see Miss Marie Linden again, and she acted the Sister of Mercy and Mother with poetical feeling. The rest were sound, if not noteworthy. One may perhaps pick out the Tailor of Mr. Compton Courtts, the First Angel of Miss Elizabeth Valentine, the Hedwig of Miss Muriel Alexander, and the Doctor Wachler of Mr. Fisher White as above the average.

"The Lyons Mail" is quite a triumph for Mr. H. B. Irving, who the other night revived a popular old piece as a *lever de rideau*. Half-a-dozen famous actresses have preceded Miss Dorothea Baird as the blind heroine, Iolanthe; King René's daughter. It is not my duty to make comparisons, nor could I, for one simple reason: I did not see the others. Miss Baird's sincerity and charm touched the audience in her pathetic picture of the girl, and gave new life to a piece in some respects a little too unsophisticated for the present time. Mr. Tyars acted excellently as the King.



HAUPTMANN'S "DREAM-POEM," "HANNELE," ON THE STAGE: HANNELE AND THE VISION OF HER FATHER, THE MASON MATTERN.

Miss Löhr played Hannele, and Mr. Edward Sass, Mattern. The play was the first production of the Afternoon Theatre at His Majesty's.—[Photographs by the Dover Street Studios.]

East. The civilians and non-commissioned officers and their wives in Penang seemed to have had the veneer of civilisation scratched off them to a greater extent than one could have expected. There was some very admirable acting.

The Dramatic Productions Club has begun well. The first play, "Isaac's Wife," by F. D. Bone and Teignmouth Shore, was quite interesting, and in several ways remarkable. Its main fault was a lack of subtlety, a tendency to exaggerate the spitefulness of woman and the violence of man when exposed to the climate of the

"CRY — GOD FOR HARRY! ENGLAND AND ST. GEORGE!"

— How —
Henry the King
assumed the port
of Mars, set the
chivalry of
England against
the chivalry of
France, entered
Harfleur, fought
Agincourt's great
fight, and wooed



and won the Fair
Katherine,
Princess of
France, that
peace might
flourish in the
land which
war had devas-
tated.

A MANUSCRIPT THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN: "ILLUMINATIONS" OF MR. LEWIS WALLER AS HENRY V.

Arrangement by "The Sketch"; photographs by Foulsham and Danfield.



By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

Cupid Amok. The proposals of marriage which Mme. Steinheil is receiving afford further proof of the well-proved statement that a woman may always count upon attentions of this character immediately she becomes either famous or infamous. A young woman who murders her infant can get married as soon as she and the law choose to say "Yes." If she have originality enough to stab a man, the number of her offers will be multiplied. Successful advertising as a street vendor brings eight-and-thirty offers of hands and hearts by the morning's post—twelve times the number gained by heading a strike of waitresses. Of course, the more or less attractive ladies of the stage are in a sphere of their own. One young American actress over here last spring was careful to have it known that proposals of marriage to her had averaged one every forty-eight hours for the last seven years. Thereupon the rate of proposing was much increased, it is to be understood.

Love has Eyes. Some men propose when they have nothing more exciting to do; others for reasons which they themselves would find it hard to define. What sort of married life ought we to expect of a couple of people afflicted with suicidal mania? Attempts at self-destruction recently brought a couple together in Cheshire. A woman, in the depths of woe, threw herself into a river, but was saved. Her case appeared in the papers, and a proposal of marriage came hustling along from a man whose only excuse was that he, too, had been foiled in the attempt to destroy himself. There is a man at Birmingham who regards all widows as eligible. He looks out for them at the moment that they are taking a last farewell of the mortal remains of their first husbands. Then he politely steps up to the graveside and, without parley, proposes marriage on the spot. It is surprising that a man of such comprehensive affections should find all his offers rejected; but, when last heard of, he was still proposing.

All Sorts and Conditions of Men. Every Sunday morning at nine o'clock for the next three weeks a hundred working men, in as many places, will join in prayer—that is, supposing that a certain advertisement asking for aid in this way be answered. But it is to be feared that these schemes will fail—like all the other plans of man. There exists, or did exist a few years ago, in Edinburgh a circle of well-meaning people pledged to overthrow the myrmidons of Satan. The special ill to be wrought by the demons

in question was the wrecking of ships. The high priestess of the cult—a relative of a very practical M.P.—had organised a circle whose members took it in turn to pray half an hour or an hour at a time throughout the day and night, to foil the imps. When a wreck occurred an advertisement for new members of the circle appeared, the belief being entertained that some faithless one had slept at his or her post, and that the demons had had a clear course. There is a fine charity among people like these. They pray daily for the men of Wall Street; a Canon prays for the success in the ring of Hackenschmidt; Mr. Bottomley insisted a little while ago that our Embassy clergy should pray for the Sultan; but, most wonderful of all, there are people who actually pray for a London editor!

Unfamiliar Language. Before now law-suits have resulted from prayers. It did not go as far as that in Lord Cardwell's household, but it must have been getting on in that direction when his valet, one day after family prayers, politely but firmly gave him notice. Of course the man was asked to explain. "Well, my Lord," he answered, "your Lordship will repeat every morning, 'We have done those things which we ought not to have done, and have left undone those things which we ought to have done.' Now I freely admit that I have often done things that I ought not; but that I have left undone things that I ought to have done I utterly deny—and I will not stay here to hear it said."

Jewry in England. The presence in England of the son of the late Dr. Theodor Herzl, the Zionist leader, will appear to many people in this country and America to possess a deeper significance than that attached to the matter by the rest of us. Thousands believe that we, the people of England, the tailors of Tooley Street included, are descended from the Israelites who were carried into captivity by the Assyrians six-and-forty centuries ago. From Media they are supposed to have swept westwards into Northern Europe, to become the progenitors of the Saxon invaders of England. All manner of "clues" to our identity are put forward, but—another injustice to Ireland!—the fact that the Irish, or Canaanites, still trouble us ranks with our possession of "Jacob's stone" as the strongest. The Jews in the world, acknowledged as such, do not seem to count in this theory. For the rest, the lost legions, they have been "found" marauding in the Afghan passes, wandering with the reindeer in Lapland, chasing buffaloes on the American prairies, or slaughtering human victims on the teocallis of Mexico.



THE SWEETEST THING IN DANCERS: A SUGARED GINGERBREAD MAUD ALLAN.

Photograph by Lissner.



OF THE STUFF THAT DRIVING-BELTS ARE MADE OF: A FIGURE MOULDED IN BALATA.

As a rule, balata, a first-cousin to gutta-percha, is wedded to that cousin and used in the making of driving-belts, which are of canvas coated with the mixture. Seldom indeed is it seen in the form illustrated—as a figure that was exhibited recently. It may be added that balata exudes from a tree that is a native of Guiana and Venezuela, that it has a greasy feel, and that it is of a somewhat unattractive red-brown colour.—[Photograph by Topical.]

ALL THE NUMBER'S FAULT.



THE WIFE: You beauty, it was an unlucky day I married you.

THE WANDERER: Well, my dear, we musht move. Thirteensh a beastly unluckshy number.

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS RUTH VINCENT, who has made so great a success as Babette in "The Belle of Brittany," at the Queen's Theatre, has, of course, many admirers, but probably no greater or more appreciative one than a working-girl of Manchester, with a large number of whose colleagues Miss Vincent is so great a favourite that when she was playing in "Tom Jones" in that city they used to congregate outside the stage-door every night in order to see her arrive and leave. The admirer-in-chief was a little person of sixteen, whose large brown eyes were half-concealed by the spectacles she had to wear. She used to take flowers to Miss Vincent, whose photograph she wore in a locket round her neck. One evening the actress stopped to speak to her, and the girl assured her that thinking about her singing helped her with her work, which was that of making hats. "What a clever girl you are," Miss Vincent exclaimed when she heard this. "Oh, Miss," replied the girl proudly, "if I can make hats—well, you *can* sing." There was a delicious naïveté about the girl's words which made her remark one of the most delightful compliments the actress ever received.

In appearing at His Majesty's in "Pinkie and the Fairies," Master Philip Tonge is returning to the theatre at which he made his professional début. That début was an affair of the merest chance. During the run of "The Eternal City," the child who was playing Joseph fell ill. Mr. Asheton Tonge, Philip's father, was a member of the company, and offered to let him take the other boy's place. He was, of course, too small to sit down and study the part by himself, so he was taught the words by his mother, who read them over and over to him. To impress upon him the necessity of being heard, Mrs. Tonge told him, in language he could readily understand, that "people paid their pennies on purpose to hear what he said," and he must therefore be sure to speak up. The little chap promised to heed his instructions, and next day was taken to a rehearsal. In order to find out how his voice carried, the stage-manager went into the stalls. After the scene was over, he returned to the stage, and, drawing Mrs. Tonge aside, told her he had not been able to hear a word. Mrs. Tonge began to remonstrate with Philip. "But, mummie," he said, "you told me I was to speak up so that the people who had paid their pennies could hear me. No people had paid their pennies, so there was no need for me to speak up. When the people come I will speak up." New instructions were given, the scene was taken over again, and there was no further need to complain of the inaudibility of the youngest

member of Mr. Tree's company. To-day, Philip Tonge is one of the clearest speakers on the stage.

Not very long after this engagement Philip was sent for by Mr. George Alexander. With the innocence of childhood, which expresses everything from its own untutored point of view, he answered a question in so naïve a way that it was delightfully humorous, and it is here set down because no one could possibly misunderstand that humour. "Well, my little man," Mr. Alexander said kindly, as he went into the room in which the child was waiting for him, "and what have you done?" Philip looked him straight in the eyes and replied imperturbably, "Oh, Mr. Tree has acted with me."

Associated with Master Tonge is Miss Iris Hawkins, who, in spite of her tender years, has made so many noteworthy successes on the stage. By the way, she and Philip Tonge are first cousins. On one occasion, a few months ago, Miss Violet Vanburgh had promised to recite at a concert. Finding herself unable to go, she asked Iris to take her place and dance. The child went, and, before her turn came, she was deputed to sell programmes in the stalls. Presently a middle-aged lady arrived, and asked for a programme. On reading it she exclaimed, somewhat impatiently: "There, now! After my having come up all the way from B——" (naming a place in Kent) "to see Mrs. Bourchier, I am only to see Iris Hawkins. Who is the woman? I have never heard of her!" It is safe to say that before the afternoon was over the lady had heard of Iris Hawkins.



A FAIR PHILADELPHIAN WHO IS TO PLAY IN "PETER PAN":
MISS MAY KINDER.

Miss Kinder, who is to have a place in the cast of "Peter Pan," which is due at the Duke of York's again directly, is a Philadelphian, and made her first appearance on the stage as Zo-Zo in "The Merry Widow." At the same time she understudied Miss Gabrielle Ray.—[Photograph by Lallie Charles.]

In playing the hero of "King René's Daughter" with Mr. H. B. Irving, at the Shaftesbury, Mr. Gerald Lawrence is, as *Sketch* readers will scarcely need reminding, repeating an experience he often had as the leading man of the company which supported Mr. Irving's father. With Sir Henry Mr. Lawrence was on intimate terms, and the great actor helped him a good deal in connection with his work. An incident which illustrates the oft-repeated phrase that a great artist is always learning happened only the night before Irving's death. Sir Henry was talking with Mr. Lawrence about his work with, as the latter believed, the full prescience of his impending end, and he said, "The sad thing about this work of ours is that, just when we are beginning to know something about it, it is time to leave it." For Sir Henry, it need hardly be said, Mr. Lawrence has always entertained feelings of great reverence and devotion, and his present association with Mr. Irving is, as may be expected, a great pleasure to him.

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THE TOP DOG.



THE RESCUE MAN: Hi, you there! If you can get up as 'igh as that, why don't you walk out?
 THE VICTIM OF THE DISASTER (in deep water): Not much. I ain't goin' to move off this bloke what I'm standin' on.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

THE CURATE'S MELODRAMA.

By NINA BALMAINE.

The Bivouac, Bourne End.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I want you to assist me in a pretty little romance. It is quite in your line, too, as you know the kind of people who are looking out for good plays.

You see, our curate, Mr. Orlando Saponatius-Smith, has, foolishly, of course, but quite irretrievably, fallen in love with Jasmine Hodge, the sweetest girl in the parish; and oh, so poor! So is he. The rector had him because he was an athlete. He placed the Church Cricket Club at the top of the league. He was at Oxford or Cambridge, or both, and played at Lord's. Now, such an awfully good-looking man should be married, but he only earns £80 a year.

What do you think he did? He sat down and wrote a play. Wasn't that quite nice of him? It is sure to be a success; he always writes "B.A." after his name, you know.

All his friends are trying to sell this play. He calls it a drama. I don't know the difference, unless it is in the number of acts. Now, I want to beat them all, and think I ought to, with your help, as you know the managers who would jump at the chance.

Mr. Smith says we must be awfully careful not to give away the plot until we get a cheque, but I will tell you everything. I feel I can trust you.

Of course, you know better than I do how to go about such things; but don't you think the piece ought to be offered to Mr. Beerbohm Tree first, because that would please Germany?

I won't tell you anything more until I hear that you will be serious and help me—Very sincerely yours,

LILIAN HAMILTON.

P.S.—Please be quick, as Jasmine's father is out of employment through conscientious scruples. He is too good, poor fellow.—L.H.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Can you place a play by a man who got his blue at Cambridge for everything bar hopscotch? He now fulfils his place in nature's scale by acting as a curate.

I fancy the drama is a stunner; in fact, it is rumoured in the parish that Shakespeare's soul has entered the body of this divine.

Anyway, will you help me? The fact is, old chap, this athletic sin-dodger is the protégé of a charming lady who may become my wife. She is still hovering over the conditional mood.

If you are not looking for showers of wealth yourself, you might assist me to foist the thing on some unsuspecting actor-manager,—Always yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—I have just been initiated into the mysteries of golf. The game seems to be a combination of blasphemy and bunkers. Now, you can imagine that my adjectives want supervising; but I positively don't know any drawing-room imprecations lurid enough for you. When will you grow up and have a shot at talking reason? Do you think a theatre is a rehearsing barn for amateurs, and the box-office a pension fund for that distressing kind of genius the unacted dramatist?

I suppose, by the way, Shakespeare made no ante-mortem statement that his soul would transmigrate to the curate. If he did, send me an affidavit attested by Marie Corelli.

I want to see you married and brought face to face with your senses, or I wouldn't take a hand in this game.

Send a synopsis of the plot, and if it is in the hemisphere of the possible, I'll ask you to send the drama itself.

I wish you could understand how much this means from a man like myself.—Yours to all eternity,

DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—I wish you would address me as "My"; the simple "Dear" suggests Platonic affinities, and no more. I can't possibly sell plays if I am in doubt about anything.

My friend Gorgonzola will read the curate's melodrama if you will send me the manuscript.

Or shall I tell him the plot? I can easily imagine it. Here is my guess. Tell me how near I go—

INSOMNIA IN FORTY WINKS.

The wife of the Village Organist has a past; but she is devotedly attached to a girl who is dying of lingering gout in the toes. The girl's fiancé, a curate, drops lithia tablets in her tea as his contribution to the medical difficulties of the case.

The girl is ordered to the Riviera or New Zealand. The Harley Street specialist has been told that there is not enough money in the house to take her to Margate, but he merely pockets his fee and goes off in a huff.

The curate only earns enough to keep him in bacon and gooseberry-jam.

The Organist's wife disappears and sends bushels of money.

The girl goes abroad, and returns in the last act lively enough to bowl a hoop.

The Organist's wife does not return. She was in the profession in her youth, and has obtained a lucrative engagement with a flying-trapeze troupe.

The girl marries the curate, and often drops tears in the milk with which she emulsifies his cocoa when she thinks of her wicked benefactress.

I say, you must not be disappointed if I fail. The fact is, managers are lazy beggars. They have got into the habit of relying on Pinero, Jones, and Barrie, and a few others. This saves them a lot of trouble; they are sordid creatures, and don't care twopence about genius till it rings the box-office bell.

Don't expect the impossible, and we shall be awfully happy together.—Most sincerely yours,

JACK FORTESCUE.

P.S.—I hope you don't encourage Mr. Hodge in his crusade against work. When you say a man is "too good," he is generally full of the kind of "goodness" that would trump an ace. J. F.

The Bivouac, Bourne End.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—You are perfectly horrid. Mr. Saponatius-Smith read the whole play to me in the summer-house, where he could not be overheard. It is simply splendid, and so beautifully sad! You ought to feel ashamed when you see it, and think of your ridiculous guess. How can you be so trivial when you know I am in earnest?

Now, do you know anything of what Mr. Saponatius-Smith calls stagecraft? I don't know a bit what it is, and I didn't like to ask him. It seems that one of the most important scenes, the twenty-fourth or the thirty-seventh, in the third act, takes place in the desert when the sun is setting, or something. Mr. Smith has painted the scene to help us. Wasn't it sweet of him? The sun is right at the end of the desert, and frightfully red. Then there is a huge camel standing up and pensively gazing at nothing in particular. A man appears to be sitting on the sand beside it, and a lot of camels are seen against the skyline. I fancy it is prayer-time, because he has labelled it "The Angelus in the Desert."

Don't you think that this scene will be very effective, and in a way ennobling?

Mr. Smith wants the manager to send to Egypt for really fresh and intelligent camels. You see, the play is a link with the past, and every detail counts.—Very sincerely yours,

LILIAN HAMILTON.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—Voicks, it's us for fun! Order a strait-waistcoat and then lubricate the thing you laugh with.

Now, don't think I'm kidding, but I am asked if you can stage "The Desert of Sahara" with a camel warming itself against the setting sun.

Here is the scene as near as I can get it without scaring myself to drink.

When the curtain goes up the audience sees a covey of camels of various degrees of manginess hoofing it to the horizon. On the skyscape there is the hottest thing in suns that paint and language can command. In front of this Drury Lane Phœbus there stands a comatose camel staring with ghastly composure at the rubicund stage-manager in the wings.

A man is sitting under the beast, I presume because it is raining, and the camel has eaten his waterproof.

Mind, I don't guarantee my explanations; but the rest is in the script.

If you can compass this kaleidoscopic outrage I'll let you have the plot.

[Continued overleaf.]

A GOOD SHOT.



THE COLONEL (*once a famous shot*): And how did you know that I would give you a gun for your birthday?
THE BOY: I didn't know. I just guessed it would be a blooming gun.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

I say, if I were that camel I'd laugh till the water in my portable tank effervesced!

By-the-bye, they want you to import vernal camels—something sprightly enough to run in the Derby, you know.

How can people write such immortal bunkum? But, really, melodrama gone mad seems to go. Funny world!—Yours ever,
JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Why didn't you say the thing was melodrama with a halo? That sort of stuff goes, and I might do something for you. Hall Caine is the high priest of the cult, and has been photographed, I fancy, at least once; I won't be quite sure.

Take my tip and have no babies in it. The critics, who are mostly jilted bachelors, make awful fun when the leading man picks the infant up and kisses its clammy muzzle with paternal unction. Ninety per cent. of the audience can't help laughing, because he grips the kid in a way that would snap the spinal-cord of anything but a property-baby or a well-seasoned mummy.

Hurry up and do stop fooling, or, at least, underscore the serious parts.—Yours, DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—My friend says he can make your curate's camel feel quite at home, and he will hire a boy to fan it. The sun will be a regular Rose du Barry. He will send an artist to Margate with a boy to mix red paint for him. You can't beat the sunsets there, you know; to describe one properly is enough to get you suspected of arson.

I say, isn't one animal rather exclusive for a circus? I think you ought to add a couple of lions, an ostrich, and an oasis. And how about a mirage? Personally, I could exist without one, but the pit and gallery must not be slighted: they like it so real that you could fish in it.

I understand that melodramas bring pots of money, so Miss Hodge may send for the fashion papers and study the latest things in trousseaux.—Very sincerely yours, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Bivouac, Bourne End.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I send the play by registered post, and have insured it for £500, so that, in case it is lost, Mr Saponatius-Smith may not lose everything. Nothing must be settled without his sanction. He seemed annoyed when I told him you called it a melodrama. I assure you it is nothing of the sort. He says it is an ethical tragi-comedy with an elevated moral purpose, and that after it has been played in London for a year the tone of the playgoer will improve.

You will, of course, explain to the manager that the play is by a genius, and is so good and moral everyone will want to see it. Mr. Saponatius-Smith cannot understand why no one has thought of writing his kind of play before.

Oh, I forgot: he is so much obliged to you for what you are doing, and will refer "handsomely" to you when the newspapers send their interviewers to find out how he did it, and what he ate, and all the rest of it. You know the harassing time great men have directly they are found out.—Very sincerely yours,

LILIAN HAMILTON.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR GORGONZOLA,—I have the melodrama here, but even my cheek has a limit! I hesitate to send the awful blither to you—without protest. I can hardly read it; he must have written it with a hairpin. The outside of the platter is all right. It is bound in vellum and tied with sky-blue ribbon. The superb fool has had his coat of arms plastered on the cover. He has appropriated every respectable savage beast belonging to heraldic fauna. No larks, old man, this curate's shield is emblazoned with a radiance of rampant chivalry that would make a Crusader cower in his knightly tomb.

Shall I send the lot to you?—Yours ever,

JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—It must be howling bad, or you have reformed—and my common-sense cannot stand the shock of the latter hypothesis.

I think you had better send me the drama, and I'll do my very best for you.—Yours, DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—I received the play all right, and have sent it on to my manager friend.

Now what am I to say to you? I hate deceit, and you think every gosling you come across is a swan. Don't get riled. I am older than you, and my wisdom is of the *cuvée réservée* brand. Of course, I did not acquire it; I inherited it from my parents. I seldom touch those ancestral bins, but when I do the wine is of the best. Excuse the parable, but I must tell you straight out that the curate's idea of a play is sheer dramatic epilepsy.

I never read such tumultuous trash in all my life. My friend is

so anxious to do anything for us that he will risk his reputation by submitting it to likely people.

I am awfully sorry for you. Why waste so much time on the wrong people? I am a glittering example of a man who might be reformed by a good woman's love, but I am not going to write melodramas in order to recommend myself to your notice.

Come to town, and have a week of the play and other distractions with—Yours most sincerely, JACK FORTESCUE.

The Flamingo Theatre, London.

DEAR FORTESCUE,—Send your idiot curate to a phrenologist to find out what the blank space in his head is good for. He appears to have the idea that it indicates dramatic talent. It doesn't. His drama, "The Lost Lamb," is the weirdest and most dampfulian hysteria I have ever sampled. There is no clue to what the Lamb is, but it is referred to so often that you get dead sick of the mystical mutton.

I cannot send it to a man, as I dare not meet him again—I'd sooner meet a promissory note.

I return the manuscript herewith. If I were you, I would return it direct to the author, and not through your consort-elect. She would only encourage the beggar to persist in his evil course. I need not advise you, but I suggest the epistolary upper-cut, which no one can administer better than yourself.

Sorry, old chap, and all that—

Always yours, DICK GORGONZOLA.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

DEAR MR. SAPONATIUS-SMITH,—I much regret to have to return the manuscript of your diverting drama, "The Lost Lamb." My friends cannot see their way to stage it. It is very difficult to get a play produced, especially when the *motif* is alien to the tone and temper of the time. No melodrama can succeed without at least an attempt at humour. You rigorously exclude that emotion. Playgoers, too, are rather fastidious about love-making. You see, most of our actresses are comely enough to excite that passion off the stage, and they prefer it of the idyllic rather than the didactic order. No stage-woman would listen to a man who pumped out a proposal in seventy-four words. She would either anticipate, and kiss him; or fly to the green-room to play cat's-cradle with the villain.

If you warm up the love scenes and leave out the preaching you will improve matters. Lovers in real life never give good advice to the girls they wish to marry. All that comes after the culminating folly, and is generally based on the woman's extravagance, or schemes for the man's personal comfort.—Yours faithfully, JACK FORTESCUE.

Hyacinth Cottage, Bourne End.

DEAR SIR,—Thank you for "The Lost Lamb." I will henceforth be its shepherd.

I regret the trouble you have taken to teach me my trade. I have been writing plays for fifteen years, and, for that reason more than any other, I claim to know something about the business.

You have overlooked the fact that I have written a drama of life as, in my humble opinion, it ought to be lived.

While appreciating your good intentions, I beg that you will give yourself no further concern on my account.

You may be interested to know that the play will shortly be performed by a distinguished company of amateurs at the Theatre Royal, More-mud-in-the-Marsh—Yours faithfully,

ORLANDO SAPONATIUS-SMITH, B.A.

(Author of "The Lost Lamb.")

The Bivouac, Bourne End.

DEAR MR. FORTESCUE,—I feel cross enough to cry. You are so seldom serious that I fear you must be right. And, oh dear, everything seems to be going wrong. Since he wrote the play Mr. Saponatius-Smith has rather neglected Jasmine Hodge, and is giving himself insufferable airs and becoming a nuisance generally. She wishes he had never been famous. I am sick of them both.

It's awfully good of you to suggest a week of theatres. I really want a pick-me-up, and your dainty little dinners do one more good than anything. I have become so provincial that I positively don't know what is in season.—Very sincerely yours,

LILIAN HAMILTON.

The Albany, Piccadilly.

MY DEAR MRS. HAMILTON,—It fairly bankrupts my stock of words of good deportment to express my delight at your believing me for once. Dismiss the melodramatist from your mind and concentrate it on me.

There are capital plays on now, and I know of some ambrosial dishes specially designed to tempt a young woman of eight-and-twenty with an oval face, gold-brown hair, and the sweetest eyes ever seen. (Look in the glass and see if I am right!)

You shall have everything that is in or out of season, from gold-fish to sturgeon, from tom-tits to ptarmigan.

You might improve the shining interval by looking up a little word in the dictionary. It begins with "Y".—Yours most sincerely, JACK FORTESCUE.

THE END.

WORLD'S WHISPERS

THE Duchess of Marlborough has fled from the fogs of Mayfair to the Engadine. Sunderland House—only less stately than herself—and the innumerable charities she has smiled upon this season will know her no more for the rest of the winter. She goes abroad by the advice of her doctors, and she takes with her Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, her younger son, whose eyes Mr. Sargent once painted almost precisely like the eyes of one of the family's Blenheim spaniels.

The Lost Stud. Lady de Bathe has promised to sell her stud horses "without reserve," her object being to be rid of a very expensive hobby. Motors are not, as has been surmised, the motive of the sale; Lady de Bathe has such a smile and word for a favourite mare as she has never been known to accord any car, of whatever mare-power. But the payment of wages to a large staff, and of bills for much fodder, represents a monotonous side of sport. Better far, says Lady de Bathe, to make and to lose, but generally to make, money without tedium. In the meanwhile, another stud goes gaily forward. Through the little High Street of Alfriston clatter every day the hoofs of Mr. Horatio Bottomley's horses; and Mr. Aitken, tired of borrowing pictures from Lord Carlisle



BALLET-DANCER AND BACHELOR OF LAWS: Mlle. MARIE RUTKOWSKA. Mlle. Rutkowska, the dancer at the Opera House in Warsaw, has just won her degree in law. She will not give up her professional dancing.

current among Romans, he is attentive. For, say they of their Mayor, one who has so little knowledge of the language must needs lose the half of our persuasive Italian rhetoric. In the public prints Mr. Nathan is accredited with every possible and impossible error in the tongue of his adoption; but it must be admitted that the average Englishman hearing Mr. Nathan in talk would mistake him for an Italian. On the other hand, the English of his sister, the Marchesa Monaldi, is of a decidedly foreign accent.

Farewell to Fabricotti.

Although Italy makes many returns to England for Signor Nathan, we must begrudge the return of the Countess Fabricotti to her native land. She not only made the millinery of London exciting and lovely, but she was herself a beautiful and charming woman; and when she put up the shutters of her hat-shop she did more than end a business—she severed many affectionate ties with England. Her tragic story of her separation from the husband whose name was her bonnet sign, and of the death soon after of her only child, who was killed in an accident before her eyes, and whose body she could not be persuaded to leave for several days, has had the consoling ending of a marriage that, while it takes her from London



THE MIGRATION OF THE "OIL KING" TO LONDON: THE SITE OF MR. ROCKEFELLER'S NEW "PALACE."

Mr. Rockefeller, one of the best known figures in America, the joy of the New York reporter, who loves to deal not only with his business methods but with his personality, has been even more prominent than usual of late, owing to the Government's attitude towards the Standard Oil Trust and the great trial. The "Oil King" is to have a "palace" built for him in this country on the site shown, 38 and 40, Queen Anne's Gate.—[Photograph by Topical.]

and Lord Iveagh for his White-chapel Gallery, can, from the windows of his fifteenth-century clergy-house, see them at their exercise upon the green turf of the South Downs. At least one gentleman engaged with stuffy business in a stuffy court of law has recently thought of those horses, that turf, and the sight of the sea beyond.

The Italianate Englishman. Mr. Nathan, as the Mayor of Rome would

be called in his mother's country, has been much beset of late with protests against the modernisation of his capital. While some Italian breasts are filled with the desire to see Mediæval Rome "moved on," many archaeologists are dismayed, and as a matter of fact "Signor Nattani" is not quite so indifferent to their representations as is generally thought. Half of such representations come from English and American residents in the city of eternal alterations; and to these, according to the joke



KITTY BYRON'S HOME—IN LADY HENRY SOMERSET'S INDUSTRIAL COLONY AT DUXHURST, NEAR REIGATE.

Kitty Byron—who, it will be remembered, stabbed the stockbroker Arthur Reginald Baker outside the Lombard Street Post-Office, was sentenced to death, reprieved and given penal servitude for life, and finally allotted a total sentence of ten years—is to be released from Aylesbury Prison within the next week or two, and is to live in Lady Henry Somerset's Industrial Colony at Duxhurst.—[Photograph by Topical.]

and millinery, promises to be in every way happy.

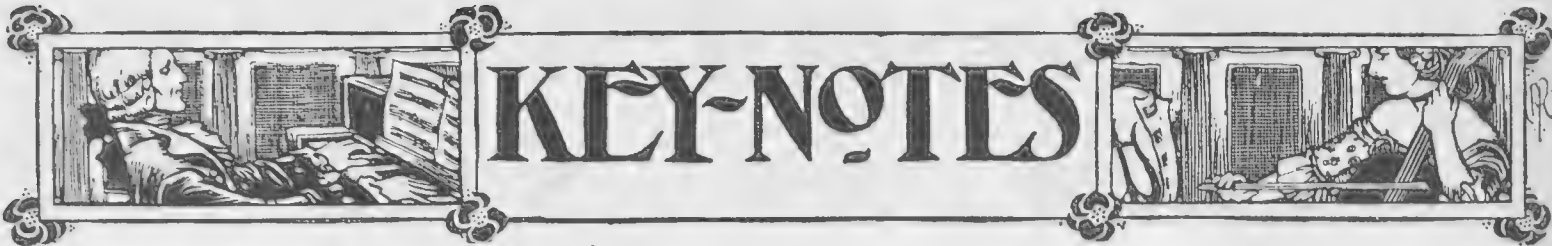
The Baron's Opera.

The "Mr. Frederick D'Erlanger," as the papers call him, whose opera has just been received with the approbation of a particularly critical Italian audience, is, of course, Baron Frederick D'Erlanger, writer of many songs and listener to much music. He is a very constant devotee of Covent Garden, which is the opera-house of his choice, though, since his name is not Puccini, he must, like Miss Ethel Smyth, take his own composition abroad for adequate production. Surely so popular a man—as the Baron and a lady of such genius and such influence as Miss Smyth (who is the sister of that brilliant and indefatigable hostess, Mrs. Charles Hunter) should contrive to do much to break down the prejudices that are strong at Covent Garden against the living composers?



COWBOYS AS ESCORT FOR A SHEPPERTON BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM: THE MEN WAITING OUTSIDE THE CHURCH.

The wedding of Captain Morgan, head of the Colonial College at Shepperton, to Mrs. Skerry, of Thames Ditton, took place last week, and members of the Legion of Frontiersmen and some of the Captain's pupils, clad in cowboy kit, escorted the bride and bridegroom's motor-car.—[Photograph by Bolak.]



CRITICISM of Sir Edward Elgar's symphony must present difficulties to the favoured few who have already heard it in Manchester and in London; while the people who have heard it but once must be very gifted, or very impudent, if they attempt to give utterance to a verdict that is intended to have any quality of finality. We know that Sir Edward Elgar has been engaged for some years on this work. He is acknowledged on every side to be a composer of more than ordinary attainments, an outstanding figure among the leading musicians of our day. Here we have his *magnum opus*, and it is in the last degree unlikely that we shall be able to give it interpretation on the strength of a single hearing. Such a work must needs yield its beauty slowly. Early performances will always hold a fresh surprise. The first impression is one entirely flattering to the composer. We find splendid thematic material in profusion, the treatment is of the most skilled description, the resources of the modern orchestra are used, but are not abused, and the tremendous emotional force that is in the music is controlled by a very powerful intellect. This combination of strength and expression is rare: it is found only among masters in literature, art, and music, and it raises the work on to a high plane, to keep it there, right above the compositions that please for their little hour, and must then be regarded as worn out.

The splendid sincerity of purpose that distinguishes all the composer's work—and we must admit this sincerity, even if we do not always like the result of it—is apparent from the beginning to the end of the symphony. If there were not so much fine feeling, so much splendid imagination, the treatment might make the work seem dull from time to time; but if the treatment were less restrained, less directed by a keen intellect, the symphony would be strewn with purple patches. As things are, the music on a first hearing suggests that we have the maximum of expression allied with the maximum of restraint, and the lofty spirit of the composition must impress every hearer with the conviction that he has here music of the first class. The analytical programme gives a certain measure of information that

Orchestra, for it was clear that all these practised musicians were enthusiastic about the work they had to interpret, and it is hard to remember any performance in which the most delicate effects have been handled so triumphantly. There were moments during the first rendering in London when admiration was divided equally between the composer and his interpreters. Dr. Richter and the London Symphony Orchestra will present the symphony again at the Queen's Hall on Saturday next, as the applications for seats for the first performance were in excess of the accommodation.

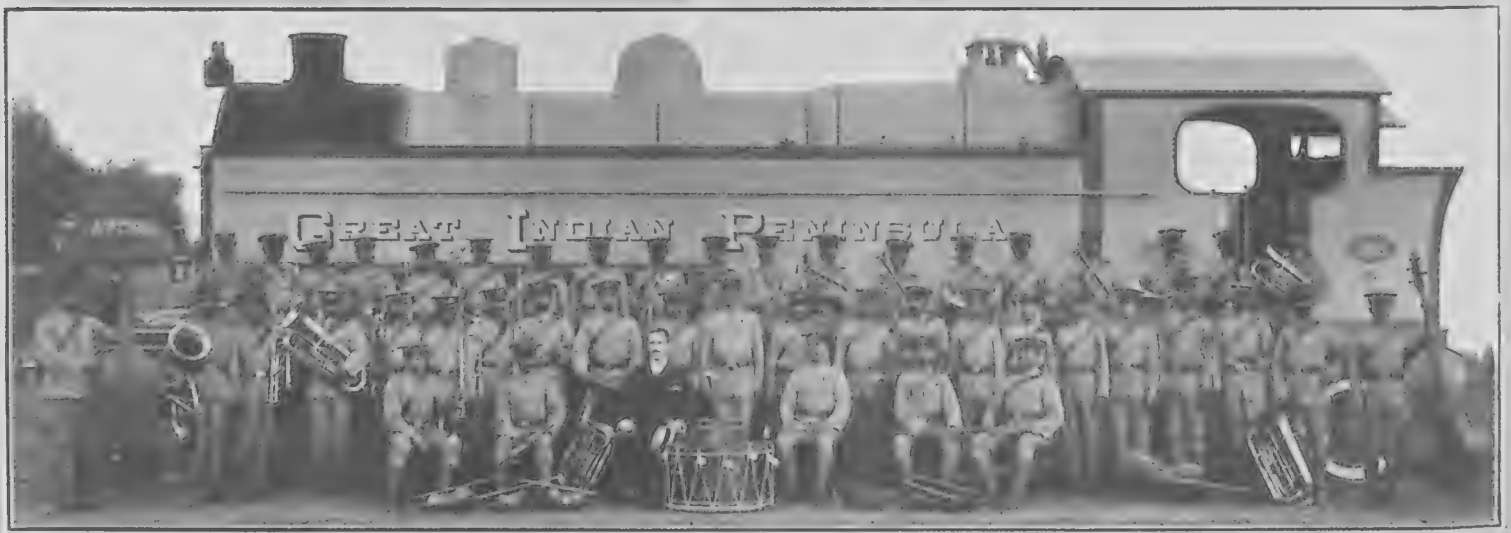
Dr. Richter is now staying in London, in order to superintend the full rehearsals for the forthcoming opera season, and Mr. Percy Pitt is associated with him in this very responsible work. Not only do we note that ninety per cent. or more of the principals engaged are apparently British or American born, but it is understood that the chorus, which numbers nearly a hundred singers, is made up very largely of young English artists who have already made a successful appearance upon the concert-platform. If opera in English is going to develop whatever dramatic talent our singers possess, it will have another claim upon the public gratitude. For it is all too apparent that we suffer in this country very much from singers who have a voice without a method. Doubtless the directors will discover some valuable recruits. The orchestra that serves the Grand Season has been re-engaged, and the opening performance of this season will be given on Saturday, Jan. 16. It is understood that the three performances of the "Ring" operas have already been so largely subscribed to that all seats in certain parts of the house are sold. The three special performances of "The Meistersingers" will be one of the great attractions of the season, for, under Dr. Richter's direction, that remarkable masterpiece of music is one of the most vital things in Covent Garden's repertory. It is proposed to give matinée performances, and the season will last for a month. On Friday, Jan. 29, and Friday, Feb. 12, there will be no operatic performance, in order that the fancy-dress balls may continue their prosperous career uninterrupted. When it was known that the autumn season of Italian opera was not a financial



THE MUSICAL DIRECTOR WHO DARED TO REBUKE STARS: SIGNOR TOSCANINI, OF THE METROPOLITAN OPERA-HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Signor Toscanini, it is said, remonstrated with Miss Geraldine Farrar for not being present at rehearsals. Later on he criticised her performance, and received the reply, "I am a star. How dare you criticise me?" To this the reply is reported to have been: "All the stars are in heaven. You are only an artist, and you must obey me." Further, it is stated that additional trouble was caused by Signor Toscanini's attitude to the art of other stars.—(Photograph by Varischi and Artico.)

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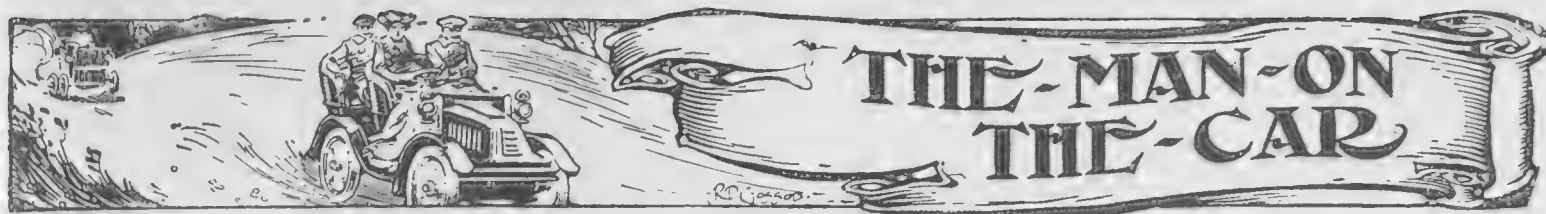


BOMBAY'S "BESSES O' THE BARN": THE BAND OF THE GREAT INDIAN PENINSULAR RAILWAY.

The Great Indian Peninsular Railway has a Volunteer force of 1500 men, and there are fifty-two musicians in the band of the 1st Battalion, which is attached to those great works in Bombay at which most of the rolling-stock is built and repaired. Every member of the band is a native. The bandmaster is a European. The band attends most of the big Society functions in Bombay, and plays regularly in public at the railway headquarters. As is the case with such famous bands as the Besses o' the Barn in this country, most of the musicians are working-men.

will appeal to the student, and as the symphony is already printed in small score, it is well within the reach of the amateur who desires to study the causes of so many beautiful effects. The composer was fortunate indeed in securing for the interpretation of his work the services of Dr. Richter and the London Symphony

success many people thought that the progress of grand opera in this country had suffered a serious set-back; but if the winter season fulfils the hopes of its promoters, we shall yet be able to say that the country is making some progress in the direction of supporting grand opera on a solid basis. COMMON CHORD.



THE GREAT GROWTH OF THE CLUB—SIX-CYLINDERS IN FRANCE: FOLLOWING THE ENGLISH LEAD—CONTINENTAL EXTENSION—DOUBT ON THE CLUB TRIALS.

INTEREST in motoring cannot surely be on the wane, if the growth of the Royal Automobile Club be taken as a gauge.

At a meeting of the committee held a few days ago no fewer than 121 candidates were elected to membership, and seven new life memberships were passed and approved. In view of the continued influx of members, it has been decided to raise the entrance-fee from £6 6s. to £12 12s. for the next 1000 members, although this decision will not

apply to applications received before Jan. 1, 1909. The possession on the site of the old War Office of club premises which promise to result in the most perfectly equipped club in the world is no doubt provoking a stream of candidates for membership. But while the new place will boast all that heart of man can desire in the shape of club accommodation, what is a great misfortune, to my mind, is the absence of any sort of garage in connection therewith.

The club garage is, I believe, to remain in its present sufficiently inconvenient position, so that the member who desires to use his car

to visit the new club will have to take Down Street en route to bestow his vehicle, and then walk or taxi it to Pall Mall.

After much revilement and considerable discrediting of the English example, the French leading makers—yea, even the most conservative among them—have adopted the six-cylinder principle for one or more of their types. Beyond this the Paris Salon has nothing of special interest to present, so far as motor-cars are concerned, save the large increase in the number of small cars shown and one or two queer variants in body-carriage. On the other hand, aeroplane engines occur frequently, and this is a feature which should be welcomed by the motorist, for the very obvious reason that all improvements in lightening and cooling internal-

power, the aeroplane would be far from a practical success to-day; while, on the other hand, any tendency to mark time in connection with such engines, a certain degree of perfection having been reached, has been checked by the further demands of the aeroplanist.

By reason, doubtless, of their several racing triumphs and the ever-growing favour in which their tyres are held, the Continental

Tyre and Rubber Company have found it necessary to acquire and erect additional premises adjoining their present works at Willesden. The new place will enable the company to cope with the forthcoming season's trade, which already shows signs of great augmentation, due to the introduction of the three-ribbed Continental. When the plant and machinery there to be erected are installed, the Continental Tyre Company can claim to have one of the most completely equipped works of the kind in or around London.

I find a suggestion in the motor column of a provincial daily to

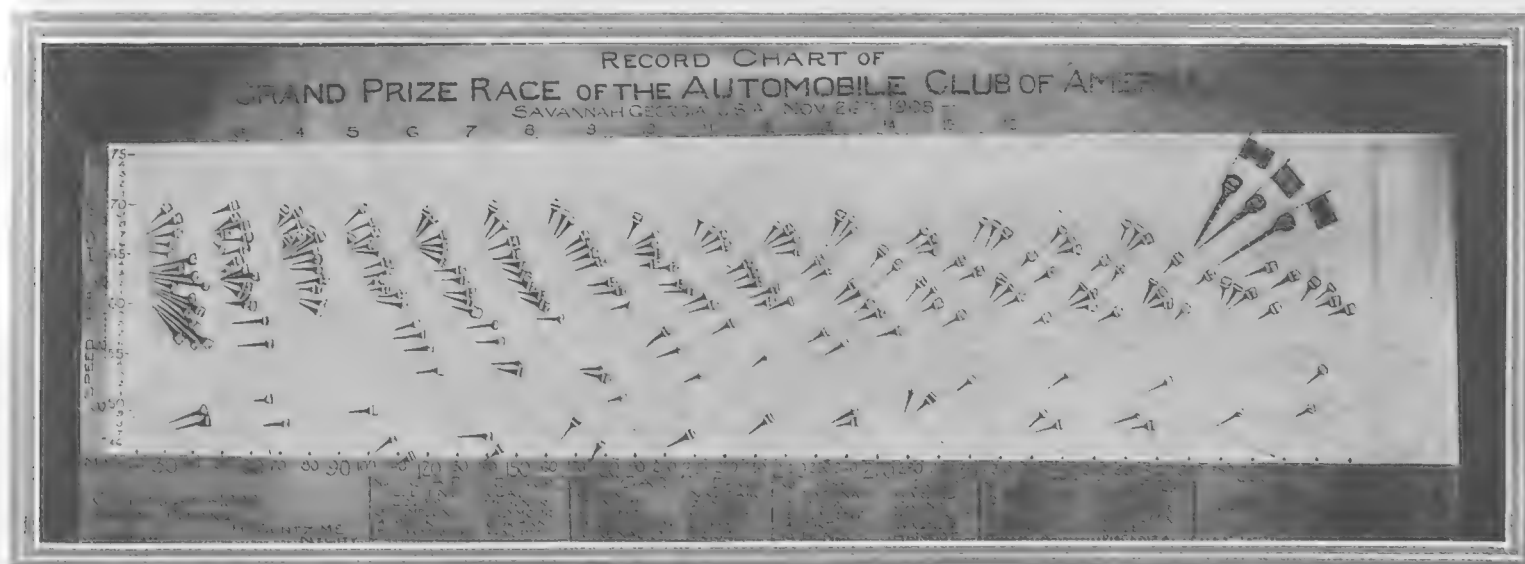
the effect that the R.A.C. Trials are not now regarded by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders with the respect that ought to be due to them. "The words corruption or partiality will not be whispered in the same breath with the letters R.A.C.; but it would not be difficult to name several competitions or trials in which certain manufacturers are believed to have succeeded in bamboozling the Club officials." Our provincial contemporary goes on to say that, this being so, these matters ought to be mentioned fearlessly. So they ought indeed; but to speak of them as above is surely not to make such fearless reference.

I cannot think that the Club or the Society can overlook such a remark as this, for if the Society were aware of the alleged



A TOURING MOTOR-CAR THAT IS MADE TO GRIND CORN AND CUT FODDER.

The motor-car, which is an ordinary touring-car, is jacked up, a belt is attached to one of its rear wheels, and in less than five minutes after its arrival at the barn it can be doing duty as a piece of farm machinery. Two men feed the fodder-cutter while the car is at work. The arrangement can be adopted with corn-grinders and other farm machinery. It is said that the wear caused to the tyres by the smooth leather belt is less than the wear caused by roads.—[Photograph by the P.-J. Press Bureau.]



THE NINETEEN-FOOT CHART ON WHICH THE PROGRESS OF COMPETITORS IN A MOTOR-RACE WAS RECORDED.

The chart, which was used to record the Grand Prix race of the Automobile Club of America, is about 5 feet high and 19 feet long. It was designed to show at a glance the relative positions of the contestants at the end of each lap. The curves for each lap of the race are the speed curves—the horizontal distances representing the time in minutes and fractions of a minute, and the vertical height representing the speed in miles per hour; while a second column to the left shows the corresponding kilometres per hour. The tabs affixed to the chart during the race indicate the point of intersection on each lap curve, representing the speed and the time, to be read respectively horizontally and vertically, for each contestant, whose number appears on the tab. It can be seen at a glance, by following his point on each successive lap curve, whether any contestant has increased his average speed.—[Photograph by Lazarnuck.]

combustion motors for aeroplane propulsion will subsequently reflect upon and make themselves obvious in the design of motor-car engines. It is both curious and interesting to notice how these two interests redound to the benefit of each other. But for the strenuous efforts of automobile engineers to lighten and improve the automobile engine, to reduce cylinder capacity and weight, while increasing

"bamboozling," they should at once have informed the Club, and if the bamboozling was perpetrated by a member of the Society, then the Society should know that member no more. It is by no means impossible that, while the bamboozlers fondly imagine that they have bamboozled, they will find anon that they have done nothing of the kind.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

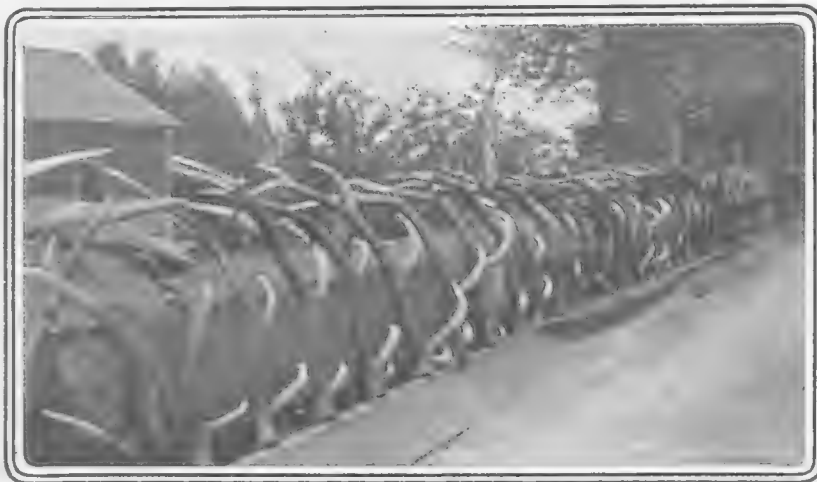
CHRISTMAS FIXTURES—BOOKMAKERS—DANNY MAHER.

THE Christmas holiday fixtures are few this year. On Bank Holiday a bumper meeting will take place at Kempton Park, and if the weather is favourable there will be a large attendance at the Sunbury enclosure, as the holiday falls this year on a Saturday. There will also be meetings at Hooton Park and Cheltenham. Thanks to fashionable patronage, the Hooton meeting is now a pronounced success; but it will this year be without the presence of his Grace the Duke of Westminster, who is generally there with a large party of visitors from Eaton Hall. The Duke is very partial to steeplechasing. Indeed, I have often been told that he prefers steeplechasing to flat-racing, and I, for one, should like to see him riding in the Grand National. But to the fixtures. On Dec. 28 and 29 meetings will be held at Windsor and at Dunstall Park, while on Dec. 30 and 31 Hurst Park will cater for the sports. It will thus be seen that Londoners can enjoy five days' racing during the holidays without having to travel far from home. This is as it should be. Indeed, I contend that the year round there should be at least two days' racing per week in the London district, and this could easily be managed. They order these things much better in France, and when I suggested, years ago, in these columns, that the Jockey Club should acquire the Alexandra Palace for their headquarters, and run a race-meeting there once a week during the flat-race season, I was only borrowing an idea from the French Jockey Club, who cater for the Parisians weekly. As the Alexandra Palace is not now available, I think the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee should see to it that the Metropolis has racing at the very least once a week during the year round.

I have had many complaints from backers who have been welshed by shady "S.P." commission-agents who never pay anybody. Punters have only themselves to blame by doing business with these men, as there are any number of substantial firms who act honourably to their clients and pay up promptly. No backer should, under any consideration, do business with any layer who is not a member of Tattersall's or some other high-class club. In the case of dispute, a backer should refer the question to the committee of the club to which the layer belonged, or better still, to the Committee of the Newmarket Subscription

Rooms. Then, if the verdict went against the bookmaker and he failed to pay, he could be warned off and posted. I know of a case where a well-known plunger won a double-event bet running into thousands, but did not get a single penny in payment. He could not enforce his demands, because his bookie did not belong to a club, and he never went racing. The time may come when the bulk of the starting-price business will be run by amateurs, as is already done in many of the social clubs. But amateurs do not sometimes last long at the game, as they give way to the gambling spirit, and often stand to be shot at for large sums. The crash comes sooner or later, and then their poor clients have to go empty away. I should add that many of the Continental agents are above suspicion—but there are others.

I do not think I ever heard such cheering as that at Kempton Park after Maher had won a hurdle-race on Dafla. The American jockey always was popular with the habitués of the cheap ring, who know an artist when they see one performing. On this occasion, however, the contagion was caught by the club people and by the people in Tattersall's enclosure, and they all combined in giving Maher a wholesome, heartfelt jolly. Maher tried to look sedate, but it was no good. He could not suppress the smile of satisfaction to which he was entitled. He seemed to say, "At last I have done it." Maher is not likely to ride over hurdles again, because the risk is too great for a leading flat-race jockey to take, and the rumour that he may ride in the Grand National was, of course, absurd. However, he would not be the first flat-race jockey to ride over obstacles at Aintree. Fred Webb once had a mount in the Grand National, and got successfully over the course too, while Halsey actually finished third on one occasion for the Blue Ribbon of the Turf. Maher has had good practice while hunting in the Midlands, and he has a good mentor in George Williamson, who rode Manifesto to victory at Aintree; but I do not think he would ever ride successfully over a steeplechase course, although I am told he shapes well in the hunting-field, where, by-the-by, the pace is not so great as it is when negotiating the Sandown race-track.—CAPTAIN COE.



ELK AND SONS, SUPPLIERS OF FENCES: A FENCE OF ELK-HORNS
AT LIVINGSTONE, MONTANA.

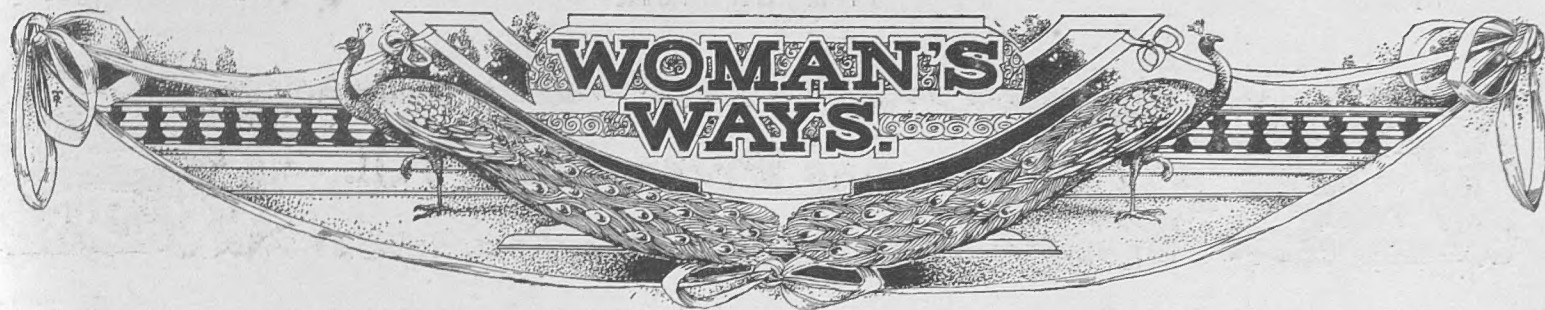
Photograph by Inkersley.



A BELIEVER IN THE HAYTIAN ARMY'S OWN PARTICULAR PASTIME: A MEXICAN
CARRYING HIS BIRDS TO A COCK-FIGHT.

The Mexican likes nothing better than matching bird against bird, and, indeed, it may be said that the cock-pit is as popular an institution in Mexico as it is in Hayti. The enthusiasm of the Black Republic was marked the other day when its army on the march was seen to consist of soldiers each of whom carried a fighting-cock. In Mexico the birds are taken from place to place in conical wicker-baskets. —[Photograph by Inkersley.]

Captain Coe's "Racing Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Those "Chic" Penguins.

Certainly the most diverting incident in M. Anatole France's ironical version of French history, "L'Île des Pingouins," is that in which the first lady penguin puts on a pink frock, gold bracelets, high-heeled sandals, and immediately has a troop of her masculine contemporaries—old and young—trailing after her. For, as the illustrious author takes pains to tell you, this girl penguin was tolerable ugly before she was dressed. Her spread feet, short

legs, and narrow shoulders were anything but attractive, and this pioneer of penguin fashions wandered unobserved and unadmired until she pulled in her waist, dressed her hair, and covered herself with trinkets. It is a neat and ingenious little allegory, for do not the Penguins of Paris still say the first word regarding the toilette of all civilised feminine beings, regardless of the fact that, though full of grace and charm, they have less natural advantages than almost any other Europeans? In short, the Parisian penguin had to invent *le chic*, or she would never have succeeded in leading her men-folk by the nose in the way in which she notoriously does. M. Anatole France thoroughly understands his countrywomen; but I doubt if they will altogether appreciate the way in which he lays bare their defects and exposes the secrets of their sorcery.

In Praise of the Amateur.

A lady in the current *Nineteenth Century* has the courage

to sing the praises of the pretty-pretty in art, of the neat and infantile water-colours of the eighteen-fifties—in short, of the forgotten and derided efforts of the amateur painter. Miss Alice Mayor thinks that the strenuous French methods of our modern art-schools, the smudging-in of heads, the attention given to masses and values instead of to outline, the deliberate choice of the ugly (or what used to be considered ugly) as a subject, have worked ruin for the amateur artist. It is a little amazing, *à l'heure qu'il est*; but nothing is really surprising in a world which turns round like a wheel, and in which every vagary recurs with a silly reiterancy. She thinks that Jane Austen's Mr. Tilney was on the right tack when he gave Catherine "a lecture on the picturesque" during a country walk, with disquisitions on "foregrounds, second distances, side-screens, and perspectives." All these things appeared, it is true, in the amateur pictures of a hundred years ago, and even of forty years ago; but are they not part of the charm of a

vanished past, to be kept with samplers, harps, mittens, snuff-boxes, and the like? Jane Eyre, in the 'fifties, we must remember, was no longer content with a "manufactured" landscape, closed in as with a photographer's lens, but imagined fearsome symbolic scenes (which, by-the-by, are again coming into fashion), in which corpses, cormorants, and icebergs played a prominent part. The modern Young Person will certainly "go one better," nor can we expect her to go to her grandmother for painting lessons.

The Sprightly 'Sixties. All the memoirs of Mid-Victorian times which keep appearing—no less than the gossip of our elderly friends—betray the fact that not only was Society more amusing than now, but that Bohemia was a gay and sprightly

country, whose inhabitants saw much of each other, entertained largely in their own comfortable houses, and were free from the snobbishness which obtains to-day. Nowadays your successful scribbler keeps his 30-h.p. Napier, spends his winters in Egypt or at Monte Carlo, sends his boys to Eton, dresses his wife in Dover Street, and asks you to dine at the Carlton or the Ritz. The smaller fry try to follow suit, find it too expensive, and end by not seeing their friends at all.

Nor do I think there is the *camaraderie* which used to exist among painters, poets, and dramatists. The Pre-Raphaelite set, for instance, were all devoted friends, had high jinks among themselves, wrote each other the most adorable letters—freely illustrated—made up nonsense-rhymes, and even had a jargon of their own in which they communicated. No one who has ever read Lady Burne-Jones's Life of her husband can doubt that social life in the art world of the 'sixties and 'seventies must have been what the painter of "The Golden Stair" would have called a "lark." And no one can describe by that suggestive word the feverish, striving, whirling existence most successful people lead to-day.

The Great Narcotic.

It was with curious feelings that some of us witnessed

the first performance of Gerard Hauptmann's dream-poem "Hannele"—so strangely touching to read in the German original—beautifully though it was produced by the Afternoon Theatre. For it must at once be owned that if the Nonconformist Conscience may possibly be shocked, the play is a direct contribution to the Neo-Catholic revival which is going on all around us. Was it not Nietzsche who declared that the two great narcotics of the modern world were revealed religion and music? Herr Hauptmann's moral is none other than this: beat, starve, ill-treat a Christian child, but if you have taught her to see visions of pink angels with shining wings, and allow her to envisage herself as the silver-robed bride of a material Saviour, she will die happy—even of her stripes and blows. The play, in short, was deeply interesting, even if its teaching belonged to the fourteenth rather than to the twentieth century; and Miss Marie Löhr portrayed exquisitely the intensely Teutonic sentiment of the drama.

Once more, as Christmas is at hand, the familiar advertisements of Tom Smith's Crackers strike the eye at every turn. This well-known firm supplies, besides crackers of all kinds, toys, knick-knacks, surprise-stockings, boxes of sweets, and various things of that sort that delight the heart of children, young or old. The crackers range in price from 48s. to 3s. 9d. per dozen boxes, to suit purses of any length or brevity. Among the expensive boxes of crackers (the

variety, by the way, is bewildering) we notice the "Suffragette," the "Air-Ship," and the "Jewels of Asia," Japanese crackers, which seem likely to prove especially popular in view of current events.

Now that the long winter evenings are with us, indoor games are more and more in demand, and all novelties in this direction are especially attractive. Messrs. Charles Goodall and Son, of Camden Works, London, offer some welcome additions to amusements of this kind, such as an ingenious game of Bridge for two players, called Draw-Bridge, with card-holders for the dummies; a set of afternoon-tea game cards; a mechanical card-shuffler, the "Camden," which will be a boon at many tables; and some packs of cards of a strong and tasteful linen-grained material.



A CHARMING AFTERNOON GOWN.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

Christmas Presents for All.

THERE is everything in a name. A rose by any other name might smell as sweet; I know I should not think it did.

What I am sure is that presents from Sir John Bennett's, 65, Cheapside, have a prestige that makes them specially acceptable. Everybody knows that they are excellent of their kind, and the buyer has the further gratification—one not to be despised in these hard times by the wealthiest—of knowing that he is getting remarkably good value for his money. Supposing the gift to be one of the firm's splendid watches, the name thereon adds immensely to the value, because it means "as good as can be got." The firm supplies the Royal Observatory, Board of Ordnance, Admiralty, and Board of Trade, also the British, Indian, Japanese, Russian, Persian and French Governments, as well as the principal railway companies. We may therefore truly say the world goes by Sir John Bennett. A new branch of the celebrated old firm is starting this week at 105, Regent Street, for the convenience of West End clients. Apart from

clocks or watches, the firm have a delightfully varied and beautiful selection of jewel-ery. The designs are in all cases excellent, and the stones are chosen by experts from the large stock of the firm, who lose no opportunity of making ad-

vantageous purchases of which their customers get the benefit. In jewelled brooches, the choice is very great. A heart-shaped opal with a true lovers' knot above in diamonds, and wing-like lines of diamonds to either side, costs

£30, and is a most effective and beautiful ornament. One large and lovely diamond set on a bar of gold tapered to either side is £45. A large tourmaline surrounded with diamonds is £38, and a long brooch of diamond leaf, lines and curves, is £29. These are all illustrated, and each and every one of them is a really beautiful thing. There are ruby and diamond brooches for £14 10s. with three important stones, or a delightful double square of rubies and diamonds set with whole pearls at £15. In pearls there are pretty little cravat-pins as low in price as a guinea. Many capital effects are reached by combining pearls with peridots, tourmaline or amethysts; these too are very inexpensive. Earrings are in almost embarrassing variety, a pair of long ones, with an amethyst hanging from double rose diamond chains to another amethyst, at £6 7s. 6d. would be a lovely present, and is extraordinary value. Fine drop-shaped diamonds, suspended from bows of the same gems with two stones between, at £115, is a pair quite as much of a bargain. Pendants in coral and pearls are charming: these can be had for £6 15s., and quite a beautiful pearl pendant for £4 10s. They go on up to almost any price. Pearl necklets are another of the many strong points of the firm. A pretty one costs only £3, while a beauty is sold for £13, and a most effective one of coral and pearls for £13. In pearls and diamonds they begin at £23, and again there is a great choice. Flexible snake-bracelets continue to be greatly prized. Of these there is quite a large stock, and being, as they are, 15-carat gold, they will not turn black, as they do when of less good quality. In tie-pins, gold-chain purses, bangles, hair-ornaments, long and short chains, and especially in rings—there is a wonderful choice at either of Sir John Bennett's establishments. It is impossible to give much idea of their beauty in so small a space. The firm will, however, send upon application a beautifully illustrated catalogue, in which the ornaments are photographed to size.



DELIGHTFUL ORNAMENTAL BOXES OF MESSRS. HUNTLEY AND PALMER'S BISCUITS.

An important item in the general preparation for Christmas is provisioning. At this season it takes an ornamental and luxurious form; everyone looks for really nice and dainty things to eat,

and among those occupying an important position are the biscuits of Messrs. Huntley and Palmer, and their cakes. They have upwards of four hundred varieties of biscuits, each of which is excellent. When a choice among all these is a matter of difficulty, it is safe to choose the rich mixed, which provides a sample of many different kinds. These are packed for Christmas in beautifully got-up tins; one for this year is to represent fine embroidery, another a sylvan vase, another a stationery-case, and a fourth a Japanese cabinet. All are charming, and the variety is too great to deal with in detail. There are also seventeen different kinds of tastefully decorated Christmas cakes, any one of which will be found delicious. The fact that Huntley and Palmer's things are so pure, of such exceptionally high quality, and made in the most modern methods, secures for them each year an increase in the immense favour they already enjoy.

Those who desire presents of a well-thought out kind in the best

taste and of the

best quality should

visit Mark Cross's

delightful show-

rooms, 89, Regent

Street. A novelty

that will be keenly

approved of by

motorists and tra-

vellers is an air-

cushion in silk, which

folds up and fits into a

neat little leather-case, no

bigger than a large envelope.

An illustration given on this page

will explain better than I can. It is

also obtainable in a shaped size to fit

behind the neck, and this goes into a tiny

case. Either is a charming gift, arguing

thought for the recipient's comfort. Another

pretty and convenient present is a smart little leather

case containing a bottle of smelling-salts. This is in

many coloured leathers, and the salts are of different

perfume. A novelty in leather is a little vanity-case,

like those in gold and silver, but combining, with the

mirror, powder-puff and powder, a purse and note-

case, slate and pencil. Perhaps of all the desirable things in this

establishment, what will appeal most to members of my sex are

the lovely belts, made of the best glove kid, in any colour or any

shade, with designs in steel studding fastened right through to

the other side, so that they never come out. For these a favourite

buckle is a speciality of the firm. It is the initials of the wearer

in gold or silver gilt. They have about 300 different combinations

of initials, so that almost anyone can get a buckle at once. For

either man or woman I can think of no more trouble-saving gift

than a basket with a locked leather cover and lined with leather.

When the lid is raised, a series of initialed and expanding pockets

for correspondence and papers comes to view. It is in many

coloured leathers and can have a sporting picture under glass on

it if desired. Another delightfully convenient thing for a lady,

especially if she be given to the up-to-date habit of week-ending,

is a combination veil, hatpin, handkerchief, and glove case with

stretchers. This is

made in many coloured

leathers. There are

also very compact

velvet-lined leather

jewel-cases, admirably

suited for short visits.

Of course, Mark Cross

gloves are well known

for the excellence of

cut and fit and quality

which characterises

them. Of these for

Christmas gifts too

much cannot be said.

There are quantities

of the neatest and

most compact motor

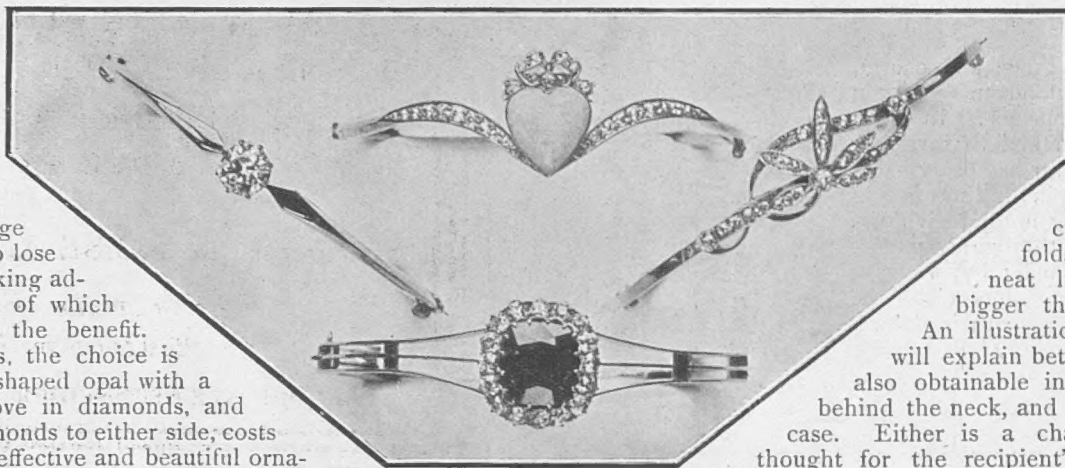
and dressing bags in leathers of all colours. Leather-backed

brushes for men for their hair and for common use, for clothes

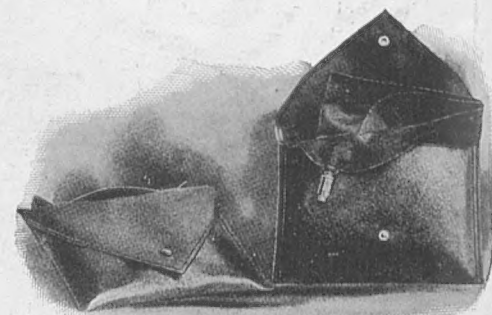
and hats, are smart to look at and very easy to handle. A pair

that hang up have the additional merit that at one end they are

hard and the other soft while the hat-brush fits with a 'cute curve



CHARMING NOVELTIES AT SIR JOHN BENNETT'S, 65, CHEAPSIDE, E.C., AND 105, REGENT STREET, W.



AIR-CUSHIONS IN SILK, IN LEATHER CASES, AT MR. MARK CROSS'S, 89, REGENT STREET, W.

into brims of hats. A smoker's lamp, with a nest of ash-trays packed away compactly under it, would be a convenient thing for a man's smoking-room. It is in fluted glass and silver. Travelling flat photograph-frames and watch-shaped clocks are in great

variety of colour and style. There are also a number of walking-sticks, umbrellas, riding-whips for ladies, and hunting-crops. Anyone wanting a present, and unable to choose it successfully at Mark Cross's, is rather too difficult for the days we live in, varied and luxurious as they are.

When in doubt, give "4711" Eau-de-Cologne. Everybody likes it—it appeals to all tastes. Besides being a delightful scent,



A PRESENT ALWAYS WELCOME: A CASE OF "4711" EAU-DE-COLOGNE.

it is most useful in cases of headache and lassitude, because it possesses quite astonishing restorative powers. A case of six or three large bottles of the famous blue-and-gold label is a charming gift. The first costs 12s. 6d.; the second, half that amount. There are also single bottles in pretty and convenient shapes and sizes from one shilling to fifteen. I know men, as well as women, who would as soon think of starting for a journey without a flask of brandy as without a flagon of "4711." I think the first would really be less missed. This eau-de-Cologne does cleanse, refresh, and invigorate splendidly during the dust, rush, and fatigue of a journey. The secret of its success is due to several things, principally to the fact that so much of the essential oil of the bitter-orange tree is used in making it. This Neroli is very expensive, costing sometimes as much as £20 a pound; consequently in some eau-de-Colognes a cheaper so-called Neroli is used, which has no medicinal virtues. In "4711" the true Neroli is invariably used, as upon it depend the all-round excellence and restorative power of the scent. For travelling, a large wicker-covered bottle at 12s. 6d. is found convenient. There are other sizes down to 2s. in price. It does not injure the skin at all, while soothing and refreshing it. As a cure for violent nervous headache it is excellent sprayed on the back of the head behind the ears, and subsequently fanned evenly and gently. Theatre-goers and motorists are best suited with watch-shaped and curved waistcoat-pocket bottles. Mülhen's Rhine Violet is a perfume that once used is always used. It is made by the "4711" firm, and is of exceptional quality and delicacy. It is also suited for a gift. Smelling-salts and bath-salts are also "4711" preparations much and most deservedly in general favour.

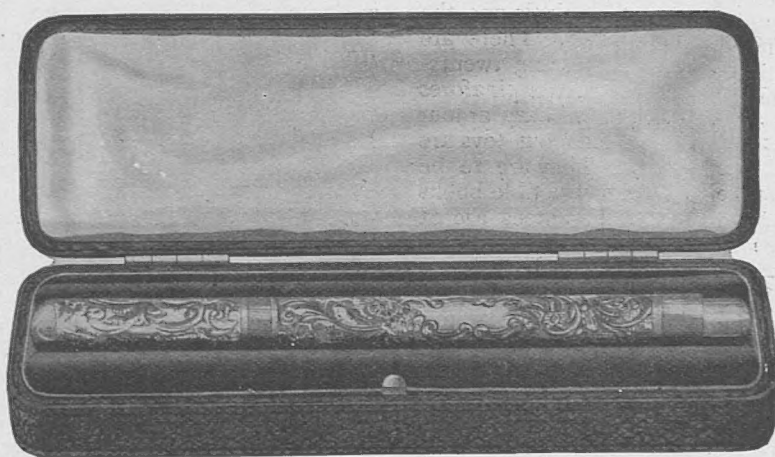
A remarkable collection of beautiful jewellery will be found at Mappin and Webb's. Whether it be at 220, Regent Street, 158, Oxford Street, or 2, Queen Victoria Street, there are jewelled ornaments to tempt all tastes and to suit all purses. The firm make a point of having special "lines," stones of a rare character, ornaments of rare workmanship, what one might call exotics in jewellery. These they manage to acquire at exceptional prices, and it is their pleasure to allow their clients to benefit thereby. A blue diamond, for instance, large and brilliant to a degree, quite a rare thing, is to be sold as a real bargain. Neck-slides remain popular, and form always acceptable presents. Bags-de-luxe are of gold in different colours, woven into a pattern which is accentuated by being studded with jewels. One that I saw had diamonds in a waved band of platinum, and rubies in one of deep-red gold, while the frames were studded with jewels, all of exquisite pierced gold-work. The new sautoir ribbons, with ornamentation and medallions in fine jewellery, are also evident in considerable variety. There are specially tempting gifts in rings. One in diamonds, with a calibre-set edge of rubies and an inner circle of rubies, costs only £16 10s. and is really beautiful. The sautoir fashion has brought in a new way of wearing enamel-and-jewelled watches, these taking the place of the medallion of the sautoir. There are pretty enamel-and-gold

links and chain, with an enamelled watch to match, all at £5. A delightful reproduction of an old-world style is a bangle, or of course a collar, of string pearls, done in such a way that if the bangle were cut right across, only four pearls would come loose. Those with diamond clasps are beautiful and unusual presents. There are many ornaments in the newly introduced Directoire styles; and a gift to please a man is the firm's celebrated Campaign watch, or one in gold, extraordinarily handsome and thin, for £18 10s.

There is no woman who does not like to see herself in furs. What is of even more importance to our sex, there is no man who does not like to see women in their winter furry garb. The show-rooms of the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, will therefore be a happy hunting-ground for those on Christmas-gifts intent. Surprise presents of handsome furs are more possible this year than usual, because Directoire capes with long, broad ends falling almost to the hem, back and front, are the height of fashion; and these require no fitting. Also there are little fichu-like coats, capes, stoles, and ties in the most perfect furs, which will fit anyone. A little coat of finest chinchilla, with long tapering revers and collar of grey velvet embroidered in a raised design with grey silk, the sleeves having wide cuffs at the elbow to correspond, and the front being arranged in fichu-like folds, is a delightful garment. A musquash seal coat, made with a long, slanted back, and cut away in front, is very smart. It has black buttons, with a gilt Napoleon bee on them, and a turned-down collar of Napoleonic style of black silk, with a raised Empire design in gold on it. A still more decidedly Directoire coat, also of musquash seal, is double-breasted and short-waisted in front, and has long tails at the back almost to hem of the dress. Musquash dyed and dressed as sealskin is as smart as real sealskin, and is cheaper and lighter—two very desirable attributes. An ermine coat-cape with long ends back and front, finished with handsome white silk fringe, is a beautiful thing. It is suitable for day or evening wear, and costs £95, in less costly fur it is obtainable for quite a reasonable amount.

There are coats for motoring, stoles of every kind of fur, muffs, turbans, gloves, rugs, men's fur-lined coats; and we all know that furs bought at the International Store are of the best in the world.

The convenient and trouble-saving inventions of the day always appeal to those in search of Christmas gifts. The Onoto pen is one of these; it cleans itself, fills itself, and cannot leak. One of the pens will be a lasting source of gratitude, for once used it will be always used. A friend in need and a friend indeed, it is remarkably inexpensive, costing only 10s. 6d., although, of course, the higher-priced models are more ornate,



AN IDEAL USEFUL GIFT: AN ONOTO SELF-FILLING PEN FOR PRESENTATION.

and therefore, perhaps, better fitted for presents. The Onoto is a pen that one can trust when one is travelling. There is no need to keep it in a special position. It does not leak. It takes up enough ink during its own easy process of filling for a mass of correspondence. The nibs are particularly nice, and last splendidly. It is a great convenience, too, that the parts of the pen can be bought separately. If one loses the cap, another can be bought; if one loses the nib, another can be fitted; and if the self-filler goes out of order, it can be put right again. The Onoto therefore has another valuable attribute of friendship—it is constant. Numbers of these splendid pens are being bought for Christmas presents. A new model this year is a larger pen with a very flexible nib. It is called the G. Onoto, and is exceptionally delightful—real value for money.

The season of parties being upon us, it behoves womenkind to look to their pretty frocks. However nice these may be, the poor things will fail of effect if proper corsets be not provided. The Rosenbaum corsets, to be seen at 61, New Bond Street, are quite a revelation in all the correct styles for particular kinds of dress and for many kinds of figure. The very slight woman needs careful corseting; the very stout woman depends more on



A BOX FOR HAIR-DRILLERS: A HARLENE SPECIALTY.

the skill of her corsetière. Madame Rosenbaum cuts most cleverly and fits like a glove. Every corset sold at Maison Rosenbaum is made there, so that clients have the advantage of dealing direct with the manufacturer. The corsets are always up to date; when a new mode comes in new shapes are created to suit it.

Almost everyone either takes photographs or aspires to do so; a Kodak is therefore a most welcome gift, especially to the young. A complete Kodak outfit from Eastman's is a Christmas present that many school boys and girls are pining for. There are many models of these neat little cameras, the price of No. 1 Brownie being but 5s. The No. 1 Brownie outfit costs 13s. These are presents that represent hours upon hours of interest and pleasure, and which also have the merit of developing the love of the picturesque in youthful minds.

A new convenience for smokers which has been brought out this season by Messrs. S. Mordan and Co., 41, City Road, E.C., will be much appreciated as a present. It is a silver match-box, made from one piece of silver, without any grating, which, in the soldered box, scratches the matches and prevents their easy extraction. The chief point is, however, Wanklyn's patent turbine-striker, which never clogs, is always ready for use, and is practically indestructible. This promises to be quite a revolution in match-boxes, so completely does it answer its purpose.

There is one thing that endears a perfume to us above others; it is a subtle, inexplicable distinction, obtainable only by scents of the highest quality and greatest excellence. Those of L. T. Piver proved the possession of these attributes at the Franco-British Exhibition, where they were included in the Hors Concours awards, signifying "Above all competition." They can be obtained from high-class chemists, leading stores and drapers; while a fully illustrated catalogue of the perfumes and preparations, useful to those who wish to give them as Christmas presents, can be obtained from the London dépôt, 9-10, Edward Street, Soho, W.

Every woman who has a nursery should see Dean's rag books and rag dolls before deciding on her presents. They are indestructible and washable, and entirely of British manufacture. There are six-penny and one-shilling books on all subjects dear to the little one, the pictures faithful and well produced in natural colours. There are larger books, at higher prices up to six shillings, containing twenty-four pages of illustrations, in full colours. There are soldier pinafores for boys and girls, calculated to plant a patriotic military ardour early in the minds of British children. The knockabout toys are also calculated to cause lasting joy in the nursery. They are to be had from all toy-shops, if Dean's harmless and indestructible books and toys be asked for; the manufacturers and patentees are at 18, Paternoster Row, E.C.

A MILLION MOTHERS.

Since the patents were granted, now some five years ago, more than a million mothers have been convinced that Dean's Patent Rag Books are better than any other toy books in the world for children, and the sale is continuously increasing.

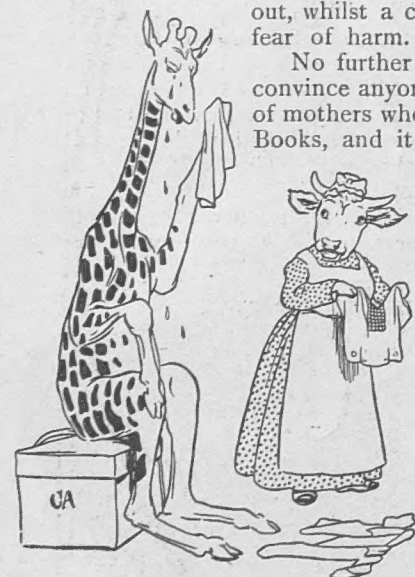
The reason is not only because they are such lovely books, being produced in full colours direct upon strong cotton cloth, but also because they are such a great saving of money, inasmuch as they cannot be destroyed, and they last a lifetime. In addition to this, they can be washed when dirty, as the colours are fast and cannot come out, whilst a child may suck them without any fear of harm.

No further argument should be necessary to convince anyone. Yet there must be thousands of mothers who have never heard of Dean's Rag Books, and it is for the benefit of those that we are writing.

Dean's Rag Books can be obtained practically anywhere, but should you by chance not be able to get them in your town, send the publishers a card and they will send you a charming little illustrated brochure catalogue, in which, apart from the patent Rag Books, you will find quite a lot of things that will greatly interest you.

There are nearly 100 different books to choose from and to suit all pockets; from 6d. to 6s.

Some of the latest are Cecil Aldin's masterpiece, "The Animals' School-Treat" (6s.), with verses by Clifton Bingham; John Hassall's "Ding Dong Dell" (3s. 6d.), a lovely nursery-rhyme



FROM ONE OF THE PAGES IN CECIL ALDIN'S
"ANIMALS' SCHOOL-TREAT."

book; "Buster Brown" (3s. 6d.); "Teddy Bear," by Sybil Scott Paley (2s. 6d.); "Sunbonnet Babies," by Gladys Hall (2s. 6d.), one of the daintiest books yet produced. The great novelty in this book is that not a face can be seen, although some 64 little figures are depicted; "Ten Little Niggers," with music (2s.); "The Animal Circus," by G. H. Dodd (2s.); "Wee Chicks' Alphabet" (1s.); "What's That?" an object book (1s.); "Home Pets" (6d.); "The Farm" (6d.); "The Zoo" (6d.), etc., etc.

It is impossible to procure better Christmas Gifts for the little ones than Dean's Rag Books, the manufacturers and patentees of which are: Dean's Rag Book Co., Ltd., 18, Paternoster Square, E.C.

Those who are unable to pay a visit to Bewlay and Co., the well-known and old-established tobacconists in the Strand, and other parts of London, will find that the next best thing to do is to send for their "Bewlay Book," which comprises a list of tobaccos, cigars, cigarettes, pipes, and other smoker's articles. The "Bewlay Book" will be sent post free to all *Sketch* readers on application to 49, Strand.

This is the time of year to buy diaries, calendars, pocket-books, almanacks, and engagement-books, either for oneself or as presents for friends, and Messrs. De la Rue have, as usual, prepared a very attractive variety of such articles for the year 1909. Each article sold by this firm contains a £1000 accident insurance coupon—no small consideration in these days. A man, for instance, with a De la Rue diary in his pocket may console himself with the thought that, even if he is obliterated by a motor-bus, he will have provided for his wife and children.

A very tempting assortment of crackers has been placed on the market by Messrs. Batger and Co. They have some ingenious novelties, in which crackers form part of the scheme of table-decoration, such as a set of artificial flowers, standing as though in vases, and a set of bespangled fairies. Children will be charmed by the cracker-built cage containing lions, the dove-cot, and, most of all, by the toy-grocer's shop called "Batger's Universal Stores," with its cardboard money and scales. This last contains, not crackers, but miniature groceries and sweets.

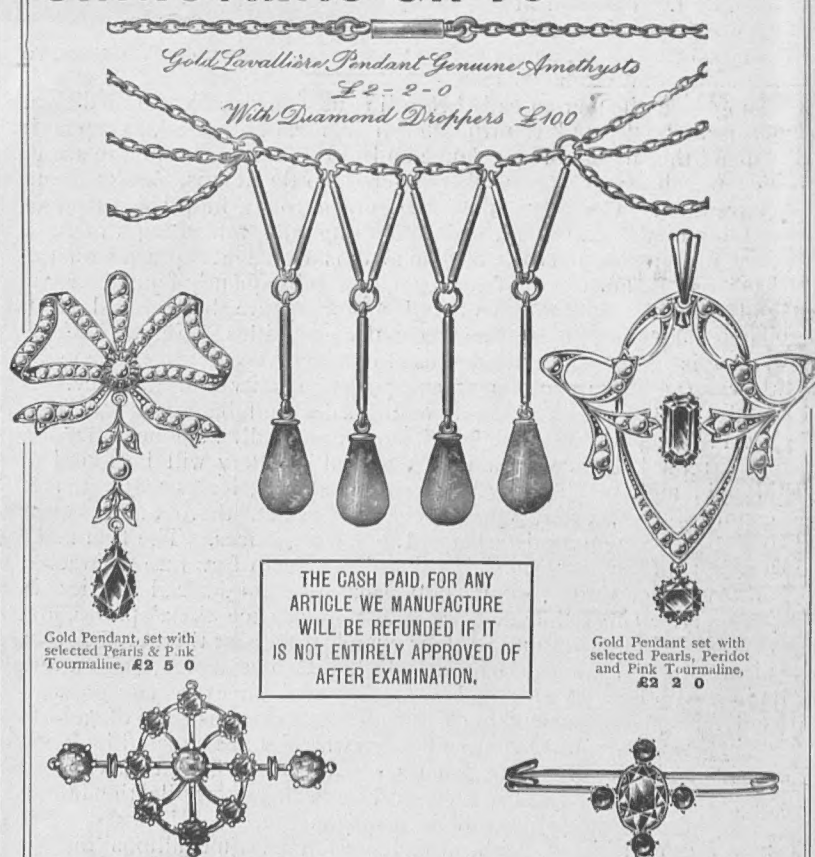
Golfers will rejoice at the establishment of a new course within easy reach of town—that, namely, at Knebworth—in the formation of which the Earl of Lytton has taken a prominent part. It is to be formally opened on Saturday, the 19th, and in anticipation of a large number of invited guests, the Great Northern Railway Company is issuing special tickets at reduced fares for the day, or for return on the Sunday or Monday following.

The newest of new card games is Quinto, whose inventor, "Professor Hoffmann," claims that even confirmed Bridge-players admit that it is equal in interest to the older game. It is a game for four players, and trick-making is one of its objects; otherwise, its features are original. We have no space here to go into detail, but we wish the new game good luck. The game and its rules may be obtained from Messrs. Charles Goodall and Son, London and Birmingham.

It is claimed for Messrs. Maspero Frères' Egyptian Cigarettes that they possess a delicacy and charm and a seductive fragrance that have seldom been realised in such perfection before. They are of one quality—the finest. The three brands are the Bouton Rouge, Felucca (medium strength), and Nilometer (mild and aromatic). A Christmas present of one or other of these brands is a gift that a lover of cigarettes is certain to appreciate.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

PRESENTS FROM 5/- TO £150
Unique Designs in Pink & Green
Tourmalines, Jacinth, Peridot,
Amethyst, &c.



THE CASH PAID FOR ANY
ARTICLE WE MANUFACTURE
WILL BE REFUNDED IF IT
IS NOT ENTIRELY APPROVED OF
AFTER EXAMINATION.

Gold Brooch, set with fine Opals
and Amethysts, 15/-

Gold Lace Pin or Brooch, Amethyst
Centre and 4 Opals, 8/6

A GENUINE ENGLISH LEVER KEYLESS HALL-MARKED SILVER WATCH. 21/-
Hall-marked Silver Teapot, Cream Jug, and Sugar Basin, from 50/-, Gold Plated inside.

All our Manufactures are sent in Satin and Leather Cases.

We have decided to reduce our stock this Christmas by supplying our Jewellery direct to the public at less than wholesale price, and will refund the price of any article that is not approved after examination. Anything sent anywhere on approval or return.

Ask for our No. 27 Catalogue with Prices of Latest Fashions in Jewellery.

EAGLE MANUFACTURING CO., SHERLOCK STREET, BIRMINGHAM.